A COLLECTION OF POEMS, VIZ.

I. VENUS and ADONIS.
II. The Rape of LUCRECE.
III. The Passionate Pilgrim.
IV. Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,
Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys* between the Two Temple Gates in *Fleetstreet*.
Price bound One Shilling Six-pence.

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Advertisement.

THE Remains of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, call'd, *The Passionate Pilgrime*, and, *Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musick*, (at the End of this Collection) came to my hands in a little stitch'd Book, printed at *London* for *W. Jaggard*, in the Year 1599. It is generally agreed he dy'd about the Year 1616. so that it appears plainly they were published by himself, being printed 17 Years before his Death.

I will say nothing of *Venus* and *Adonis*, nor of the *Rape of* Lucrece, they being universally allow'd to be *Shakespear*'s, only that I have printed them from very old Editions, which I procur'd, as the Reader will find by my keeping close to his Spelling.

The Writings of Mr. *Shakespeare* are in so great Esteem, that several Gentlemen have subscrib'd to a late Edition of his Dramatick Works in Six Volumes; which makes me hope, that this little Book will not be unacceptable to the Publick.

I shall not take upon me to say any thing of the Author, an ingenious Person having compil'd some Memoirs of his Life, and prefix'd it to the late above-mention'd Edition: But I cannot omit inserting a Passage of Mr. *Shakespeare*'s Life, very much to his Honour, and very remarkable, which was either unknown, or forgotten by the Writer of it.

That most learn'd Prince, and great Patron of Learning, King *James* the First, was pleas'd with his own Hand to write an amicable Letter to Mr. *Shakespeare*; which Letter, tho now lost, remain'd long in the Hands of Sir *William D'avenant*, as a credible Person now living can testify.

VE,

VENUS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtaliâ plena miniſtret aquâ.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1630.

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582

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable *Henry Wriothesly*, Earl of *Southampton*, and Baron of *Tichfield*.

Right Honourable,

I know not how I ſhall offend in Dedicating my unpoliſht Lines to your Lordſhip, nor how the World will cenſure me for chooſing ſo ſtrong a prop to ſupport ſo weak a burthen: only if your Honour ſeem but pleaſed, I account my ſelf highly praiſed, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with ſome graver labour. But if the firſt heir of my invention prove deformed,

I shall be sorry it had so noble a God-father, and never after ear so barren a Land for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your Honour to your hearts content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the Worlds hopeful expectation.

Your Honours in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the Sun with purple coloured Face,
Had ta'n his laſt Leave of the weeping Morn
Roſe-cheek'd *Adonis* hied him to the chaſe:
Hunting he lov'd, but Love he laught to ſcorn:
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd Suter 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than my ſelf (thus ſhe began)
The Fields chief Flower, ſweet above compare,
Stain to all Nymphs, more lovely than a Man,
More white and red than Doves or Roſes are:
Nature that made thee with her ſelf at Strife,
Saith that the World hath ending with thy Life.

Vouchſafe, thou Wonder, to alight thy Steed,
And rein his proud Head to the Saddle Bow.
If thou will deign this Favour, for thy meed,
A thouſand hony Secrets ſhalt thou know:

Here come and ſit, where Serpents never hiſſes,
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,
But rather famiſh them amid their Plenty,
Making them red and pale with freſh Variety:
Ten Kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty.
A Summer's Day will ſeem an Hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling Sport.

With this, ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating palm,
The Preſident of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her Paſſion calls it balm,
Earth's ſovereign ſalve to do a Goddeſs good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to pluck him from his horſe.

Over one arm the luſty Courſers rein,
Under the other was the tender Boy,
Who bluſht and powted in a dull diſdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy,
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire:
He red for ſhame, but froſty in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens, (O how quick is love!)
The Steed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tye the Rider ſhe begins to prove:
Backward ſhe puſht him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in ſtrength, though not in lu

So ſoon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips.
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open.

He burns with baſhful ſhame, ſhe with her tears
Doth quench the maiden-burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy ſighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks.
He ſays ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſs,
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſs.

Even as an empty Eagle ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or prey be gone:
Even ſo ſhe kiſt his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the ſteam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture, air of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.

Look how a Bird lies tangled in a Net,
So faſtned in her arms *Adonis* lies:

Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a River that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe intreats, and prettily intreats:
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale:
Still he is ſullen, ſtill he lowres and frets,
'Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhie pale;
Being red ſhe loves him beſt, and being white,
Her breaſt is bettered with a more delight.

Look how he can, ſhe cannot chuſe but love,
And by her fair immortal hand ſhe ſwears,
From his ſoft boſom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one ſweet kiſs ſhall pay this countleſs debt.

Upon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a Dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what ſhe did crave,
But when his Lips were ready for his pay,
He winks and turns his lips another way.

Never did paſſenger in Summers heat
More thirſt for drink, then ſhe for this good turn,
Her help ſhe ſees, but help ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire muſt burn:

Oh pitty gan ſhe cry, flint-hearted boy,
'Tis but a kiſs I beg, why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
Even by the ſtern and direful God of War,
Whoſe ſinowy neck in battel ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar:
Yet hath he been my captive and my ſlave,
And beg'd for that which thou unaskt ſhalt have.

Over my Altars hath he hung his Launce,
His battred Shield, his uncontrolled Creſt,
And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and jeſt,
Scorning his churliſh Drum, and Enſign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I over-ſway'd,
Leading him priſoner in a red Roſe chain:
Strong tempred ſteel his ſtronger ſtrength obey'd,
Yet was he ſervile to my coy diſdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſtring her that foil'd the God of Fight.

Touch but my lips with thoſe fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not ſo fair, yet are they red)
The kiſs ſhall be thine own as well as mine.
What ſeeſt thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies,
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? then wink again,
And I will wink, ſo ſhall the day ſeem night,
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain:
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight.
These blew-vein'd Violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender Spring, upon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted:
Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip,
Beauty within it ſelf would not be waſted.
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
Ore-worn, deſpiſed, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juyce,
Then mightſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for thee:
But having no defects why doſt abhor me?

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in turning:
My beauty as the ſpring doth yearly grow,
My fleſh as ſoft and plump, my marrow burning:
My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a Fairie, trip upon the green,

Or like a Nymph, with long diſhevel'd hair,
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen.
Love is a ſpirit all compact of Fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſs this primroſe bank whereon I lye,
The forceleſs flowers like ſturdy trees ſupport me:
Two ſtrengthleſs Doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I liſt to ſport me.
Is love ſo light, ſweet Boy, and may it be
That thou ſhouldſt think it heavy unto thee.

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize love upon thy left?
Then wooe thy ſelf, be of thy ſelf rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelf, himſelf forſook,
And dyed to kiſs his ſhadow in the Brook.

Torches are made to light, Jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty for the uſe,
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappy Plants to bear:
Things growing to themſelves are growths abuſe,
Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the Earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Unleſs the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By Law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thy ſelf art dead:

And ſo in ſpight of death thou doſt ſurvive,
In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive.

By this, the Love-ſick Queen began to ſweat,
For where they lay, the ſhadow had forſook them,
And *Titan* tyred in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wiſhing *Adonis* had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by *Venus* ſide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazy ſpright,
And with a heavy dark diſliking eye,
His lowring brows o'rewhelming his fair ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the ſky,
Sowring his cheeks, cryes fie, no more of love,
The Sun doth burn my face, I muſt remove:

Ah me (quoth *Venus*) young and ſo unkind?
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone?
I'le ſigh celeſtial breath, whoſe gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this deſcending Sun:
I'le make a ſhadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I'le quench them with my tears.

The Sun that ſhines from heaven ſhines but warm,
And loe, I lie between the Sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me.
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly Sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as ſteel?
Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth,
Art thou a womans ſon, and canſt not feel,
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother born ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but dyed unkind.

What am I, that thou ſhould'ſt contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwels upon my ſuit?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſs!
Speak Fair: but ſpeak fair words or elſe be mu[illegible]
Give me one kiſs, I'le give it thee again,
And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, liveleſs picture, cold and ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Well painted Idol, Image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone:
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred,
Thou art no man though of a mans complexion,
For men will kiſs even by their own direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth provoke a pauſe,
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, ſhe cannot right her cauſe;
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand;
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground:

Some

Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her Lilly fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this Ivory pale,
I'le be the Park, and thou ſhalt be my Deer;
Feed where thou wilt on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if thoſe hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom graſs, and high delightful plain,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes, obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain:
Then be my Deer, ſince I am ſuch a Park,
No Dog ſhall rouz thee, though a thouſand bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple,
Love made thoſe hollows: if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple:
Fore-knowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

Theſe loving caves, theſe round inchanting pits,
Opened their mouths to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Strook dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?

Poor Queen of Love in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that ſmiles at thee with ſcorn!

Now which way ſhall ſhe turn? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing:
The time is ſpent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms, doth urge releaſing:
Pitty ſhe crys, ſome favour, ſome remorſe:
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe:

But loe, from forth a Copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Jennet, luſty, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling courſer doth eſpy,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloud:
The ſtrong neckt Steed being tyed unto a tree
Breaketh his rein, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds:
And now his woven girts he breaks aſunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whoſe hollow womb reſounds like heavens thunder:
The Iron bit he cruſhes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prickt his braided hanging mane
Upon his compaſt Creſt now ſtands an end:
His noſtrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a Furnace vapours doth he lend,
His eye, which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high deſire.

Some-

Sometimes he trots as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle Majeſty, and modeſt pride,
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps;
As who ſhould ſay, loe, thus my ſtrength is tried,
And thus I do to captivate the eye,
Of the fair breeder that is ſtanding by.

What recketh he his Riders angry ſtur,
His ſtatt'ring Holla, or his Stand, I ſay?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking ſpur,
For rich caparilons, or trappings gay?
He ſees his Love, and nothing elſe he ſees:
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Look when a Painter would ſurpaſs the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd Steed,
His Art, with Natures workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the living ſhould exceed:
So did his horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round hooft, ſhort joynted, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtrait legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horſe ſhould have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometimes he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares;
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather:

To

To bid the wind abaſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or flie, they know not whether,
For through his mane and tail the high wind ſings.
Fanning the hairs, who have like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his mind:
Being proud, as Females are, to ſee him wooe her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſs, ſeems unkind,
Spurnes at his love, ſcorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He vails his tail: that, like a falling plume,
Cool ſhadow to his melting buttocks lent,
He ſtamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume;
His love perceiving how he is inrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was aſſwag'd.

His teſty Maſter goes about to take him,
When loe, the unbackt breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the horſe, and left *Adonis* there;
As they were mad, unto the Wood they hie them:
Out-ſtripping Crows that ſtrive to over-flie them.

All ſwolne with chaſing, down *Adonis* ſits,
Banning his boyſtrous and unruly Beaſt:
And now the happy ſeaſon once more fits,
That love-ſick *Love*, by pleading may be bleſt.

For Lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bar'd the aidance of the tongue.

An Oven that is stopt, or River staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said!
Free vent of words loves fire doth assuage:
But when the hearts Attorney once is mute,
The Client breaks, as desperate in his suite.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was wistly to view,
How she came stealing to the wayward Boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hiew,
How white and red each other did destroy:
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels,
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks receive her soft hands print,
As apt as new fallen snow takes any dint.

Oh what a war of looks was then between them?
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes ſuing,
His eyes ſaw her eyes, as they had not ſeen them,
Her eyes woo'd ſtill, his eyes diſdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain,
With tears which *Chorus* like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A Lilly priſon'd in a Jayl of Snow,
Or Ivory in an Alablaſter band,
So white a friend ingirts ſo white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to ſilver Doves that ſit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
O faireſt mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound:
For one ſweet look my help I would aſſure thee,
Though nothing but my bodys bane would cure (thee.

Give me my hand (ſaith he) why doſt thou feel it?
Give me my heart (ſaith ſhe) and thou ſhalt have it.
O give it me, leſt thy hard heart do ſteel it;
And being ſteel'd, ſoft ſighs can never grave it;
Then love's deep groans I never ſhall regard,
Becauſe *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame he crys let go, and let me go,
My days delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,

And 'tis your fault I am bereft him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
For all my mind, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the Mare.

Thus ſhe replies : thy Palfrey as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warm approach of ſweet deſire :
Affection is a cole that muſt be cool'd ;
Elſe, ſuffered, it will ſet the heart on fire.
The Sea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a Jade he ſtood, ty'd to a tree,
Servilely maſtred with a lethern rein ?
But when he ſaw his love, his youths fair fee,
He held ſuch petty bondage in diſdain,
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breaſt.

Who ſees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hiew than white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight :
Who is ſo faint, that dare not be ſo bold,
To touch the fire, the Weather being cold ?

Let me excuſe thy Courſer, gentle Boy,
And learn of him I heartily beſeech thee,
To take advantage on preſented Joy,
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.

O learn to love, the leſſon is but plain,
And once made perfect, never loſt again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unleſs it be a Boar, and then I chaſe it.
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love but to diſgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment ſhapeleſs and unfiniſht?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If ſpringing things be any jot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The Colt that's backt, and burthen'd being young
Looſeth his pride, and never waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing: let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootleſs chat,
Remove your ſiege from my unyielding heart,
To loves alarm it will not ope the gate.
Diſmiſs your vows, your fained tears, your flattry;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battry.

What, canſt thou talk (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a tong,
O would thou had'ſt not, or I had no hearing,
Thy Mermaids voice hath done me double wrong:
I had my load before, now preſt with bearing,
Melodious diſcord, heavenly tune harſh ſounding,
Earths deep ſweet muſick, and hearts deep ſore (wounding

Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love,
That inward beauty, and invisible:
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible.
Though neither eyes nor ears to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say that the sense of reason were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much,
For from the Stillatory of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

But oh, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four?
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid suspition double lock the door;
Lest jealousy that sowr unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd Portal open'd,
Which to his speech did hony passage yield:
Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd,
Wrack to the Sea-men, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to Shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
Even as the wind is husht before it raineth,

Or as the Wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the Berry breaks before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a Gun,
His meaning ſtroke her ere his words begun.

And at his look ſhe flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frown,
But bleſſed bankrupt, that by love ſo thriveth:
The ſilly boy believing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her:
Which cunning love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſs ſhe lies as ſhe were ſlain,
'Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard,
He chafes her lips, a thouſand ways he ſeeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindneſs mar'd,
He kiſſes her, and ſhe, by her good will,
Will never riſe, ſo he will kiſs her ſtill.

The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blew windows faintly ſhe up heaveth:
Like the fair Sun, when in his freſh array,
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:

And as the bright Sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairleſs face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their ſhine:
Were never four ſuch lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his brows repine:
But hers, which thro the Chryſtal tears gave light,
Shone like the Moon in water ſeen by night.

O where am I (quoth ſhe) in earth or heaven,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What hour is this, or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life deſire?
But now I liv'd, and life was deaths annoy:
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once again,
Thy eyes, ſhrew'd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornful tricks, and ſuch diſdain,
That they have murdred this poor heart of mine:
And theſe mine eyes, true leaders to their Queen,
But for thy pitious lips no more had ſeen.

Long may they kiſs each other for this cure:
Oh never let their crimſon liveries wear,
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year;
That the Star-gazers having writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure

Pure lips, ſweet ſeals, in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelf I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and uſe good dealing:
Which purchaſe if thou make, for fear of ſlips,
Set thy ſeal-manual on my wax-red lips.
A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leaſure one by one.
What is ten hundred kiſſes unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt ſhould double,
Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſs with my unripe years,
Before I know my ſelf, ſeek not to know me:
No fiſher but the ungrown fry forbears,
The mellow plum doth fall, the green ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluckt, is ſowr to taſte.

Look, the worlds comforter, with weary gate,
His days hot task hath ended in the Weſt,
The Owle (nights Herald) ſhrieks, 'tis very late,
The ſheep are gone to fold, birds to their neſt.
The cole-black clouds that ſhadow heavens light,
Doe ſummon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me ſay good night, and ſo ſay you:
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall have a kiſs.

Good

Good night (quoth ſhe) and ere he ſays adieu,
The hony fee of parting tendred is;
Her arms do lend his neck a ſweet imbrace,
Incorporate then they ſeem, face grows to face.

Till breathleſs he diſ-joyn'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moiſture, that ſweet coral mouth,
Whoſe precious taſte her thirſty lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfet, yet complain on drouth,
He with her plenty preſt, ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd fall to the earth.

Now quick deſire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet never filleth,
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ranſom the inſulter willeth,
Whoſe vultur thought doth pitch the priſe ſo hie,
That ſhe will draw his lips rich treaſure dry.

And having felt the ſweetneſs of the ſpoil,
With blind-fold fury ſhe begins to forrage,
Her face doth reek and ſmoak, her bloud doth boyl,
And careleſs luſt ſtirs up a deſperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reaſon back,
Forgetting ſhames pure bluſh, and honours wrack.

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe, that's tir'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward Infant ſtill'd with dandling.

He now obeys, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What wax ſo frozen, but diſſolves with tempring,
And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion?
Things out of hope are compaſt oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whoſe leave exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But then woos beſt, when moſt his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had ſhe then gave over,
Such Nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuckt:
Foul words and frowns muſt not repel a Lover,
What though the Roſe have pricks? yet it is pluckt.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at laſt.

For pitty now ſhe can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is reſolv'd no longer to reſtrain him;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart,
The which by *Cupids* bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence engaged in his breſt.

Sweet boy, ſhe ſays, this night I'le waſte in ſorrow,
For my ſick heart commands mine eyes to watch:
Tell me, loves maſter, ſhall we meet to morrow?
Say, ſhall we, ſhall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no, to morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The Boar, (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing Roſe,
Uſurps her cheeks, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms ſhe throws,
She ſinketh down, ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, ſhe on her back.

Now is ſhe in the very liſts of love,
Her Champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary ſhe doth prove,
He will not manage her although he mount her:
That worſe than *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elyſium*, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor Birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do ſurfet by the eye, and pine the maw;
Even ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhaps,
As thoſe poor birds that helpleſs berries ſaw;
The warm effects which ſhe in him finds miſſing,
She ſeeks to kindle with continual kiſſing.

But all in vain; good Queen, it will not be,
She hath aſſaid as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deſerv'd a greater fee:
She's love, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he ſays, you crush me, let me go,
You have no reaſon to with-hold me ſo.

Thou hadſt been gone (quoth ſhe) ſweet boy e're this,
But that thou toldſt me thou wouldſt hunt the Boar.

O be advis'd, thou know'ſt not what it is,
With javelins point a churliſh ſwine to gore,
Whoſe tuſhes never ſheath'd, he whetteth ſtill,
Like to a mortal Butcher bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle ſet,
Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like Glow-worms, ſhine when he doth fret,
His ſnout digs ſepulchers, where-e're he goes:
Being mov'd, he ſtrikes whate're is in his way;
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſides with hairy briſtles armed,
Are better proof then thy ſpears point can enter,
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being ireful on the Lyon he will venter:
The thorny brambles, and embracing buſhes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he ruſhes.

Alas, he nought eſteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hand, ſweet lips, and chryſtal eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties as he roots the mead.

O let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill:
Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thrive well take counſell of their friends.

When

When thou didſt name the Boar, not to diſſemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joynts did tremble.

Didſt thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Sawſt thou not ſigns of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For where love reigns, diſturbing jealouſy
Doth call himſelf affections Centinel,
Gives falſe alarmes, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, Kill, Kill,
Diſtempring gentle love with his deſire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This ſowre informer, this bate-breeding ſpy,
This canker that eats up loves tender ſpring,
This carry-tale, diſſenſions jealouſy,
That ſometime true news, ſometime falſe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death ſhould fear:

And more than ſo, preſenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing Boar,
Under whoſe ſharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thy ſelf, all ſtain'd with gore,
Whoſe blood upon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make them drop with grief, and hang the

(Head.

What

What should I do? seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination.
I prophesie thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the Boar to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timerous flying Hare,
Or at the Fox which lives by subtilty;
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful Creatures o're the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind Hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of Sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving Conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime forteth with a herd of Deer.
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot-scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,

Ceasing

Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much adoe the cold fault cleanly out.
Then do they spend their mouths, ecchо replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor *Wat* far off upon a hill
Stands on his hinder legs with listning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way:
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For misery is trodden on by many:
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more,
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boar,
Unlike my self, thou hear'st me morallize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent. Why, what of that (quoth she?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends.

And

And now 'tis dark, and going I ſhall fall:
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.
But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs.
Rich preys make rich men thieves: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Diane* cloudy and forlorn,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteal a kiſs and die forſworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reaſon;
Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver ſhine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein ſhe fram'd thee in hie heavens deſpite,
To ſhame the Sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the Deſtinies,
To croſs the cutious workmanſhip of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it ſubject to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchances and much miſery.

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow eating ſickneſs, whoſe attaint
Diſorder breeds by beating of the blood:
Surfets, impoſtumes, grief, and damn'd deſpair,
Swear natures death for framing thee ſo fair.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes ſight brings beauty under:
Both favour, ſavour, hiew and qualities,
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain ſnow melts with the mid-day Sun.

Therefore, deſpight of fruitleſs chaſtity,
Love-lacking *Veſtals*, and ſelf-loving *Nuns*,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of ſons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oyl, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a ſwallowing Grave,
Seeming to bury that poſterity,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdain,
Sith in thy pride ſo fair a hope is ſlain.

So in thy ſelf thy ſelf art made away,
A miſchief worſe than civil home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperate hands themſelves do ſlay,
Or Butchers Sire, that reaves his ſon of life.
Foul cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets:
But Gold that's put to uſe more Gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled Theam,

The

The kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
For by this black-fac'd night, deſires foul nurſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

If love hath lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaids ſongs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown:
For know, my heart ſtands armed in my ear,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there:

Leſt the deceiving harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bed-chamber to be bar'd of reſt:
No Lady, no: my heart longs not to groan,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth unto danger,
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every ſtranger.
You do it for encreaſe: O ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the Bawd to luſts abuſe.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth uſurps his name;
Under whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed,
Upon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame;

Which the hot tyrant ſtains, and ſoon bereaves,
As Caterpillers do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like Sun-ſhine after rain:
But luſts effect is tempeſt after Sun.
Loves gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain:
Luſts Winter comes, ere Summer half be done.
Love ſurfets not: luſt like a glutton dies.
Love is all truth: luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay;
The Text is old, the Orator too green;
Therefore in ſadneſs now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton calls attended,
Do burn themſelves for having ſo offended.

With this he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe fair arms which bound him to her breaſt.
And homeward through the dark lanes runs apace!
Leaves love upon her back deeply diſtreſt.
Look how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye;

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore,
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend.
So did the mercileſs and pitchie night,
Fold in the object that did feed her ſight.

Whereat

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropt a precious Jewel in the flood,
Or 'ſtoniſht as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in ſome miſtruſtful wood:
Even ſo confounded in the dark ſhe lay,
Having loſt the fair diſcovery of her way.

And now ſhe beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves as ſeeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Paſſion on paſſion, deeply is redoubled:
Ay me, ſhe cryes, and twenty times, woe, woe,
And twenty ecchoes twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemp'rally a woful ditty,
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote,
How love is wiſe in folly, fooliſh witty:
Her heavy anthem ſtill concludes in woe,
And ſtill the Quire of Ecchoes anſwers ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers hours are long, though ſeeming ſhort:
It pleas'd themſelves, others they think delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport.
Their copious Stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withal
But idle ſounds, reſembling Paraſites,

Like ſhrill-tongu'd Tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humor of fantaſtick wits?
She ſaid, 'tis ſo: they anſwer all, 'tis ſo:
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo here the gentle Lark, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
The Sun ariſeth in his Majeſty:
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
The Cedar tops and hills ſeem burniſht gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this fair good morrow;
O thou clear God, and Patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beauties influence that makes him bright,
There lives a ſon, that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a Mirtle grove,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worn,
And yet ſhe hears no tydings of her love,
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſs her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,

Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawn hid in ſome brake.

By this ſhe hears the Hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an Adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds juſt in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him ſhake and ſhudder:
Even ſo the timerous yelping of the Hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For now ſhe knows it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt Boar, rough Bear, or Lion proud:
Becauſe the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtrain curt'ſie who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmal cry rings ſadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to ſurprize her heart:
Who overcome by doubt and bloodleſs fear,
With cold pale weakneſs nums each feeling part:
Like Soldiers when their Captain once doth yield,
They baſely fly, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſie,
'Till chearing up her ſenſes ſore diſmaid,
She tells them 'tis a cauſeleſs fantaſie,
And childiſh error that they are afraid,
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more:
And with that word ſhe ſpied the hunted Boar:

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spred,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the Boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the paths that she untreads again,
Her more then haste is marred with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds an hound,
And asks the weary Caitif for his Master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaister,
And here she meets another sadly scolding,
To whom she speaks, and he replys with howling.

When he had ceast his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner black and grim,
Against the Welkin vollies out his voice,
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground beldw,
Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the worlds poor people are amazed
At Apparitions, signs, and prodigies,

Whereon

Whereon with fearful Eyes they long have gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadful prophecies,
So ſhe, at theſe ſad ſigns, draws up her breath,
And, ſighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favoured Tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of Love (thus chides ſhe Death)
Grim-grinning Ghoſt, earths worm, what doſt thou mean,
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteal his breath?
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty ſet
Gloſs on the Roſe, ſmell to the Violet.

If he be dead, O no; it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it.
O yes, it may: thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doſt thou hit.
Thy Mark is feeble age; but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that aim, and cleaves an Infants heart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power.
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckeſt a flower:
Loves golden arrow at him ſhould have fled,
And not Deaths Ebon Dart to ſtrike him dead.

Doſt thou drink teares, that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternal ſleeping
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?

Now

Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, who like sluces stopt
The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair,
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt.
But thro' the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again,

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye,
Both crystals, where they view'd each others sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry:
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief.
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief:
But none is best, then join they altogether,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off, she hears some Huntsman hollow:
A Nurses song ne're pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination, she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labour to expell:
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voice.

Whereat

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearls in glaſs:
Yet ſometime falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts? as ſcorning it ſhould paſs
To waſh the foul face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe, are both of them extreams,
Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweaves the web that ſhe had wrought,
Adonis lives; and death is not to blame:
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to nought,
Now ſhe adds honor to his hateful name,
She cleeps him King of graves, and Grave for Kings,
Imperial ſupreme of all mortal things.

No, no (quoth ſhe) ſweet death I did but jeſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the Boar, that bloody beaſt,
Which knows no Pity, but is ſtill ſevere:
Then gentle ſhadow (truth I muſt confeſs)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my loves deceaſe.

'Tis not my fault: the Boar provok't my tongue,
Be wreak't on him (invifible commander)

'Tis

'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's Author of thy ſlander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is alive,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate:
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate;
Tells him of Trophies, Statues, Tombs, & Stories,
His Victories, his Triumphs, and his Glories.

O *Jove*, quoth ſhe, how much a fool was I,
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not dye,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,
And beauty dead, black Chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art ſo full of fear,
As one with treaſure laden, hem'd with thieves:
Trifles (unwitneſſed with eye or ear)
Thy coward heart, with falſe bethinking grieves:
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps that was but late forlorn.

As Faulcon to the lure away ſhe flies:
The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul Boars conqueſt on her fair delight,

Which

Which ſeen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like Stars, aſham'd of day, themſelves withdrew.

Or, as the Snail, whoſe tender horns being hit
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly cave with pain,
And there, all ſmother'd up, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody view her eyes are fled,
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they reſign'd their office and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled brain:
Who bids them ſtill conſort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again,
Who like a King perplexed in his Throne,
By their ſuggeſtions gives a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributary Subject quakes,
As when the wind impriſon'd in the ground,
Strugling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terrors doth mens mind confound.
This mutiny each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes.

And, being opened, threw unwilling ſight
Upon the wide wound that the Boar had trencht
In his ſoft flank: whoſe wonted Lilly white
With purple Tears, that his wound wept, was drencht.
No flower was nigh, no graſs, herb, leaf or weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeem'd with him to bleed.

This ſolemn ſympathy poor *Venus* noteth,
Over one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head,
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, frantickly ſhe doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is ſtopt, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling, makes the wound ſeem three,
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes where no breach ſhould be:
His face ſeems twain, each ſeveral limb is doubled,
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſs my grief for one;
And yet (quoth ſhe) behold two *Adons* dead:
My ſighs are blown away, my ſalt tears gone;
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heavy hearts lead melt at mine eyes as fire:
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

Alas, poor world, what treaſure haſt thou loſt?
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tongue is muſick now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The flowers are ſweet, their colours freſh & trim:
But true ſweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veile, henceforth no creature wear;
Nor Sun nor Wind will ever ſtrive to kiſs you:

Hu-

Having no fair to loſe, you need not fear;
The Sun doth ſcorn you, & the Wind doth hiſs you.
But when *Adonis* liv'd, Sun and ſharp air
Lurkt like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

And therefore would he put his Bonnet on,
Under whoſe brim the gawdy Sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weep:
And ſtraight in pity of his tender years,
They both would ſtrive who firſt ſhould dry his tears.

To ſee his face, the Lyon walks along
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him:
To recreate himſelf when he hath ſung,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had ſpoke, the Wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the ſilly Lamb that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in a Brook,
There fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the Birds ſuch pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
Would bring him Mulberries, & ripe red Cherries,
He fed them with his ſight, they him with Berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin ſnouted Boar,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
Ne're ſaw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witneſs the entertainment that he gave:

If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* ſlain,
He ran upon the Boar with his ſharp ſpear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But, by a kiſs, thought to perſwade him there:
And, nouſling in his flank, the loving Swine,
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his ſoft groine.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſs,
With kiſſing him, I ſhould have kill'd him firſt,
But he is dead, and never did he bleſs
My mouth with his; the more I am accurſt;
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whiſpers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woful words ſhe told:
She lifts the coffer lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkneſs lies.

Two glaſſes, where her ſelf her ſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now, no more reflect,
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late excel'd,
And every beauty rob'd of his effect:
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That, you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since

Since thou art dead, loe here I propheſy,
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
Find ſweet beginning, but unſavoury end,
Ne're ſettled equally, too high or low;
That all loves pleaſures ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottom poiſon, and the top ore-ſtraw'd
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile.
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak,
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures;
The ſtaring Ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poor with treaſures,
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciful, and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving, when it ſeems moſt juſt:
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſeems moſt toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war, and dire events,
And ſet diſſention 'twixt the Son and Sire,

Subject and ſervile to all diſcontents,
As dry combuſtuous matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime, death doth my love deſtroy,
They that love beſt, their love ſhall not enjoy.

By this, the Boy that by her ſide lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay ſpill'd,
A purple flower ſprung up checker'd with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteneſs ſtood.

She bows her head, the new-ſprung flower to ſmell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath:
And ſays, within her boſom it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelf is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to tears.

Poor flower (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe,
(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling Sire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himſelf was his deſire,
And ſo 'tis thine: but know, it is as good
To wither in my breſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breſt,
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Loe, in this hollow Cradle take thy reſt,
My thrubbing heart ſhall rock thee day and night:

There ſhall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiſs my ſweet Loves flower.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſilver Doves, by whoſe ſwift aid
Their Miſtreſs mounted, through the empty ſkies
In her light Chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their courſe to *Paphos*, where their Queen
Means to immure her ſelf, and not be ſeen.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1632.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable

Henry Wriothesly,

Earl of *Southampton*, and Baron of *Tichfield.*

HE Love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: whereof this Pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I have of your Honourable Disposition, not the Worth of my untutor'd Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty should shew greater: mean time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still, lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordships in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

The Argument.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his exceſſive Pride ſurnamed *Superbus*) after he had cauſed his own Father in law, *Servius Tullius*, to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the *Roman* Laws and Cuſtoms, not requiring or ſtaying for the Peoples ſuffrages, had poſſeſſed himſelf of the kingdom; went accompanied with his ſons, and other noble men of *Rome* to beſiege *Ardea*: during which, the principal men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of *Sextus Tarquinius*, the kings ſon, in their diſcourſes after ſupper, every one commended the vertues of his own wife; among whom *Colatinus* extolled the incomparable chaſtity of his Wife *Lucretia*. In that pleaſant humor they all poſted to *Rome*, and intending by their ſecret and ſudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only *Colatinus* finds his wife (though it were late in the night) ſpinning amongſt her maids: The other Ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in ſeveral diſports. Whereupon the noble men yielded *Colatinus* the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time *Sextus Tarquinius* being enflamed with *Lucreces* beauty; yet ſmothering his Paſſion for the preſent, departed with the reſt back to the Camp, from whence he ſhortly after privily with-drew himſelf, and was (according to his ſtate) royally entertained and lodged by *Lucrece* at *Colatium*. The ſame night, he trecherouſly ſtealeth into her

her Chamber, violently raviſht her, and early in the morning ſpeedeth away. *Lucrece* in this lamentable plight, haſtily diſpatcheth Meſſengers, one to *Rome* for her father, another to the Camp for *Colatine*. They came, the one accompanied with *Junius Brutus*, the other with *Publius Valerius*: and finding *Lucrece* attired in mourning habit, demanded the cauſe of her ſorrow. She firſt taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the acter, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal ſuddenly ſtabbed her ſelf. Which done, with conſent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the *Tarquins*; and bearing the dead body to *Rome*, *Brutus* acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective againſt the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were ſo moved with one conſent, and a general acclamation, that the *Tarquins* were all exiled, and the ſtate government changed from Kings to Conſuls.

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THE

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

1. *The praising of Lucrece as chaſt, vertuous, and beautiful, maketh Tarquin enamor'd.*

FRom the beſieged *Ardea* all in poſt,
Borne by the truſtleſs wings of falſe deſire,
Luſt-breathed *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman* hoſt,
And to *Colatium* bears the lightleſs fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aſpire
And girdle with embracing flames the waſt,
Of *Colatines* fair love, *Lucrece* the chaſt.

Haply that name of *chaſt*, unhaply ſet
This bateleſs edge on his keene appetite:
When *Colatine* unwiſely did not let
To praiſe the clear unmatched red and white,
Which triumpht in that skie of his delight,
Where mortal ſtar as bright as heavens beauties,
With pure aſpects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in *Tarquin*'s tent,
Unlockt the treaſure of his happy ſtate:
What priceleſs wealth the heavens had him lent
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate,
Reckoning his fortune at ſo high a rate,
That Kings might be eſpouſed to more fame:
But King nor Prince to ſuch a peerleſs dame.

O happineſs enjoyed but of a few,
And if poſſeſt, as ſoon decay'd and done:
As if the mornings ſilver melting dew,
Againſt the golden ſplendor of the ſun,
A date expir'd, and cancel'd ere begun:
Honor and beauty in the owners arms,
Are weakly fortreſt from a world of harms.

Beauty it ſelf doth of it ſelf perſwade
The eyes of men without an orator,
What needeth then apologies be made
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſingular?
Or why is *Colatine* the publiſher
Of that rich jewel he ſhould keep unknown,
From theeviſh ears becauſe it is his own?

Perchance his boaſt of *Lucrece* Sov'rainty,
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a King:
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be,
Perchance that envy of ſo rich a thing
Braving compare, diſdainfully did ſting

His

His high pitcht thoughts, that meaner men ſhould vaunt
The golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome untimely thought did inſtigate
His all too timeleſs ſpeed, if none of theſe;
His honor, his affairs, his friends, his ſtate,
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes,
To quench the coal which in his liver grows.
O raſh falſe heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy haſty ſpring ſtill blaſts and ne're grows old.

2. Tarquin *welcomed by* Lucrece.

When at *Colatia* this falſe Lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the *Roman* dame,
Within whoſe face beauty and vertue ſtrived,
Which of them both ſhould underprop her fame,
When vertue brag'd, beauty would bluſh for ſhame,
When beauty boaſted bluſhes, in deſpight
Vertue would ſtain that o're with ſilver white.

But beauty in that white intituled,
From *Venus* doves doth challenge that fair field,
Then vertue claims from beauty beauties red,
Which vertue gave the golden age to gild
Their ſilver cheeks, and call'd it then their ſhield,
Teaching them thus to uſe it in the fight,
When ſhame aſſail'd, the red ſhould fence the white.

This Herauldry in *Lucrece* Face was ſeen,
Argued by beauties red and vertues white,
Of eithers colour was the other Queen;

Proving

Proving from worlds minority their right,
Yet their ambition makes them ſtill to fight:
The Sov'reignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange each others ſeat.

This ſilent war of Lillies and of Roſes,
Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair faces field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloſes,
Where leaſt between them both it ſhould be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquiſhed doth yield
To thoſe two armies that would let him goe,
Rather than triumph in ſo falſe a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband ſhallow tongue,
The niggard Prodigal that prais'd her ſo,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to ſhow:
Therefore that ptaiſe which *Colatine* doth owe,
Inchanted *Tarquin* anſwers with ſurmiſe,
In ſilent wonder of ſtill gazing eyes.

This earthly Saint adored by this Devil,
Little ſuſpecteth the falſe worſhipper;
" For thoughts unſtain'd do ſeldom dream on evil,
" Birds never lim'd, no ſecret buſhes fear;
So guiltleſs ſhe ſecurely gives good chear,
And reverend welcome to her princely gueſt,
Whoſe inward ill no outward harm expreſt.

For that he coloured with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in pleats of Majeſty;

That

That nothing in him ſeem'd inordinate,
Save ſometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which having all, all could not ſatisfie;
But poorly rich ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe that never cop't with ſtranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies
Writ in the glaſſie margents of ſuch books,
She toucht no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks,
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton ſight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He ſtories to her ears her husbands fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful *Italy*;
And decks with praiſes *Colatines* high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruiſed arms and wreaths of victory;
Her joy with heaved up hand ſhe doth expreſs,
And wordleſs ſo greets heaven for his ſucceſs.

Far from the purpoſe of his coming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there;
No cloudy ſhow of ſtormy bluſtring weather
Doth yet in his fair *Welkin* once appear,
Till ſable night ſad ſource of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkneſs doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty priſon ſhuts the day.

For

For then is *Tarquin* brought unto his bed,
Intending wearineſs with heavy ſpright:
For after ſuppet long he queſtioned
With modeſt *Lucrece*, and wore out the night:
Now leaden ſlumber with lives ſtrength doth fight,
And every one to reſt themſelves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie revolving
The ſundry dangers of his wills obtaining:
Yet ever to obtain his will reſolving,
Tho weak-built hopes perſwade him to abſtaining,
Deſpair to gain doth traffique oft for gaining,
And when great treaſure is the meed propoſed,
Tho death be adjunct, there's no death ſuppoſed.

Thoſe that much covet are with gain ſo fond,
That oft they have not that which they poſſeſs,
They ſcatter and unlooſe it from the bond,
And ſo by hoping more they have but leſs,
Or gaining more the profit of exceſs,
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch griefs ſuſtain,
That they prove bankrout in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurſe the life
With honour, wealth and eaſe, in wayning age:
And in this aim there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honor, in fell battles rage,

Honor

Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and all together loſt.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: ſo then we do neglect
The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting *Tarquin* make,
Pawning his honor to obtain his luſt;
And for himſelf, himſelf he muſt forſake;
Then where is truth, if there be no ſelf-truſt?
When ſhall he think to find a ſtranger juſt,
When he himſelf, himſelf confounds, betrays
To ſlanderous tongues the wretched hateful lays?

Now ſtole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy ſleep had clos'd up mortal eye,
No comfortable ſtarre did lend his light,
No noiſe but Owles and Wolves death-boding cries
Now ſerves the ſeaſon that they may ſurprize
The ſilly Lambs; pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
While Luſt and Murder wakes to ſtain and kill.

3. Tarquin *diſputing the matter, at laſt reſolves to ſatisfie his luſt.*

And now this luſtful Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arm,
Is madly toſt between deſire and dread;

Th' one ſweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honeſt fear, bewicht with luſts foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-ſick rude deſire.

His Fauchion on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the cold ſtone ſparks of fire doth flie,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be load-ſtar to his luſtful eye,
And to the flame thus ſpeaks adviſedly;
As from this cold flint I enforſt this fire,
So *Lucrece* muſt I force to my deſire.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his lothſome enterprize,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following ſorrow may on this ariſe:
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armor of ſtill ſlaughtered luſt,
And juſtly thus controls his thoughts unjuſt.

Fair torch burn out thy light, and lend it not,
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine:
And die unhallowed thoughts before you blot
With your uncleanneſs that which is divine;
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a Shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
That ſpots and ſtains love's modeſt ſnow-white weed.

O ſhame to knighthood, and to ſhining arms,
O foul diſhonour to my houſholds grave:

O impious Act including all foul harmes,
A martial man to be ſoft fancies ſlave,
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould have:
Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yes though I die, the ſcandal will ſurvive,
And be an eye-ſore in my golden Coat:
Some loathſome daſh the Herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my Poſterity ſham'd with the note
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſin,
To wiſh that I their father had not been.

What win I if I gain the thing I ſeek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,
Who buys a minutes mirth to waile a week?
Or ſells Eternity to get a toy?
For one ſweet grape who will the vine deſtroy?
Or what fond beggar but to touch the crowne?
Would with the ſcepter ſtraight be ſtrucken down.

If *Colatinus* dream of my Intent,
Will he not wake, and in a deſperate rage
Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to prevent?
This ſiege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the ſage,
This dying vertue, this ſurviving ſhame,
Whoſe crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O what excuſe can my invention make
When thou ſhalt charge me with ſo black a deed:
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints ſhake?
Mine eyes forgo their light, my falſe heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth ſtill exceed,
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had *Colatinus* kill'd my Son or Sire,
Or lain in ambuſh to betray my life;
Or were he not my dear friend, this deſire
Might have excuſe to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quital of ſuch ſtrife:
But as he is my kinſman, my dear friend,
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shameful it is, if once the fact be known,
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving,
I'll beg her love: but ſhe is not her own;
The worſt is but denial, and reproving.
My will is ſtrong, paſt reaſons weak removing.
Who fears a ſentence or an old mans ſawe,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceleſs) holds he diſputation,
Tweene frozen conſcience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes diſpenſation,
Urging the worſer ſenſe for vantage ſtill.
Which in a moment doth confound and kill

All pure effects, and doth ſo far proceed,
That what is vile ſhews like a vertuous deed.

Quoth he, ſhe took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tydings in my eager eyes,
Fearing ſome bad news from the warlike band
Where her beloved *Colatinus* lies.
O how her fear did make her colour riſe?
Firſt red as Roſes that on Lawn we lay,
Then white as Lawn the Roſes took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lockt,
Forſt it to tremble with her loyal fear:
Which ſtrooke her ſad, and then it faſter rockt,
Until her Husbands welfare ſhe did hear,
Whereat ſhe ſmiled with ſo ſweet a cheare,
That had *Narciſſus* ſeen her as ſhe ſtood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All Orators are dumb when beauty pleads,
Poor wretches have remorſe in poor abuſes,
Love thrives not in the heart that ſhadows dreads,
Affection is my Captain and he leads:
And when this gaudy banner is diſplaid,
The Coward fights, and will not be diſmaid.

Then childiſh fear avant, debating die,
Reſpect and Reaſon wait on wrinkled age:
My heart ſhall never countermand mine eye,

Sad Pauſe and deep Regard beſeems the Sage,
My part is youth, and beats theſe from the ſtage;
Deſire my pilot is, Beauty my priſe,
Then who fears ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies,

As corn ore-grown by weeds, ſo heedful fear
Is almoſt cloakt by unreſiſted luſt,
Away he ſteals with open liſtning care,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond miſtruſt;
Both which as ſervitors to the unjuſt,
So croſs him with their oppoſite Perſwaſion,
That now he vows a league, and now invaſion.

Within his thought her heavenly image ſits,
And in the ſelf ſame ſeat ſits *Colatine*,
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more divine
Unto a view ſo falſe will not encline:
But with a pure appeal ſeeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worſer part.

And therein heartens up his ſervile powers,
Who flattered by their leaders jocund ſhow,
Stuff up his luſt, as minutes fill up howers:
And as their Captain, ſo their pride doth grow;
Paying more ſlavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate deſire thus madly led
The Romane Lord doth march to *Lucrece* bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforſt, recites his ward,

But

But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping theefe to ſome regard.
The threſhold grates the dore to have him heard:
Night-wandring Weezels ſhreeke to ſee him there,
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind wars with his torch to make him ſtay,
And blows the ſmoke of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe;
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he ſpies
Lucrecia's glove, wherein her needle ſticks;
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who ſhould ſay, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd, return again in haſt,
Thou ſeeſt our Miſtreſs ornaments are chaſt.

But all theſe poor forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt ſenſe conſtrues their denial;
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of tryal;
Or as thoſe bars which ſtop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingring ſtay his courſe doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the time,
Like little froſts that ſometime threat the ſpring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the ſneaped birds more cauſe to ſing;
Paine pays the income of each precious thing.
Huge rocks, high winds, ſtrong pyrats, ſhelves and ſands,
The merchant fears, e're rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That ſhuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath bar'd him from the bleſſed thing he ſought,
So from himſelf impiety hath wrought,
That for his Prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens ſhould countenance his ſin.

But in the midſt of his unfruitful prayer,
Having ſollicited th' eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compaſs his fair Fair,
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the hour,
Even there he ſtarts, quoth he, I muſt deflower:
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide,
My will is backt with reſolution;
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
Black ſin is clear'd with abſolution,
Againſt loves fire, fears froſt hath diſſolution.

The

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluckt up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide,
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owle will catch,
Thus treason works e're traitors be espied:
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the Chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed:
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rouling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand too soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver Moon.

Looke as the fair and fiery pointed Sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight:
Even so the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded, with a greater light.
Whether it is that she reflects so bright
That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then *Colatine* again by *Lucrece* side,

In his cleere bed might have repoſed ſtill:
But they muſt ope this bleſſed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their ſight,
Muſt ſell her joy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her lilly hand her roſie cheekes lies under,
Coozening the pillow of a lawful kiſſe;
Who therefore angry ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſſe,
Between whoſe hils her head intombed is.
Where like a vertuous monument ſhe lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet, whoſe perfect white
Show'd like an *April* dazie on the graſſe,
With pearly ſwet, reſembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkneſſe ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her hair like golden threds plaid with her breath,
O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſty!
Showring life's triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lives mortality.
Each in her ſleepe themſelves ſo beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there was no ſtrife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breſts like ivory globes circled with blew,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered:

Save

Save of their Lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in *Tarquin* new ambition bred;
Who like a foul usurper went about
From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tyred.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his prey,
Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:
So ore this sleeping soul doth *Tarquin* stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slackt, not suppreſt, for standing by her side,
His eye which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting;
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor childrens tears, nor mothers groans respecting,
Swell in their pride the onset still expecting,
Anon his beating heart alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their li-(king.

His

His drumming heart cheares up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand:
His hand as proud of ſuch a dignity,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on to make his ſtand
On her bare breaſts, the heart of all her land,
Whoſe ranks of blew veins as his hands did ſcale,
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtering to the quiet cabinet,
Where their dear governeſs and lady lies,
Do tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries:
She much amaz'd breaks ope her lockt up eyes,
Who peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull ſleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks ſhe hath beheld ſome gaſtly ſprite,
Whoſe grim aſpect ſets every joint a ſhaking,
What terrour 'tis: but ſhe in worſer taking,
From ſleep diſturbed, heedfully doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror rue.

5. Lucretia *wakes amazed and confounded to be ſo ſurprized.*

Wrapt and confounded in a thouſand feares,
Like to a new-kild bird ſhe trembling lies:
She dares not looke, yet winking there appears
Quicke ſhifting Antiques ugly in her eyes,
Such ſhadows are the weak braines forgeries;

Who angry that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darkneſs daunts them with more dreadful ſights.

His hand that yet remaines upon her breſt,
(Rude Ram to batter ſuch an Ivory wall:)
May feele her heart (poor citizen) diſtreſt,
Wounding it ſelf to death, riſe up and fall:
Beating her bulke, that his hand ſhakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
To make the breach, and enter this ſweet City.

Firſt like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
To ſound a Parley to his heartleſs foe,
Who o're the white ſheet peeres her whiter chin,
The reaſon of this raſh alarme to know,
Which he by dumbe demeanor ſeekes to ſhow:
But ſhe with vehement prayers urgeth ſtill,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, the colour in this face,
That even for anger makes the Lily pale,
And the red Roſe bluſh at her own diſgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale,
Under that colour am I come to ſcale
They never conquer'd Fort, the fault is thine,
For thoſe thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I foreſtall thee: if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath enſnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience muſt my will abide;

My

My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
Which I to conquer ſought with all my might.
But as reproof and reaſon beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

I ſee what croſſes my attempts will bring,
I know what thornes the growing roſe defends;
I think the hony guarded with a ſting,
All this beforehand counſel comprehends;
But will is deafe, and heares no heedful friends:
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he lookes, 'gainſt law or duty.

I have debated even in my ſoule,
What wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow I ſhall breed,
But nothing can affections courſe controle,
Or ſtop the headlong fury of his ſpeed,
I know repentant teares inſue the deed.
Reproch, diſdaine, and deadly enmity,
Yet ſtrive I to embrace mine infamy.

This ſaid, he ſhakes aloft his *Romane* blade,
Which like a Faulcon towring in the skies,
Couchet the fowle below with his wings ſhade,
Whoſe crook beake threats, if he mount he dies:
So under the inſulting Fauchion lies
Harmleſſe *Lucrecia*, marking what he tels,
With trembling feare, as fowle hear Faulcons bels.

Lu-

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I muſt enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force muſt worke my way:
For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroy thee,
That done, ſome worthleſſe ſlave of thine ile ſlay,
To kill thine honor with thy lives decay:
And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,
Swearing I ſlew him, ſeeing thee embrace him.

So thy ſurviving husband ſhall remain,
The ſcornful mark of every open eye;
The kinſmen hang their heads at this diſdain,
Thy iſſue blurd with nameleſs baſtardy:
And thou the Author of their obloquy,
Shall have thy treſpaſſe cited up in rhimes,
And ſung by children in ſucceeding times.

But if thou yield, I reſt thy ſecret friend,
The fault unknown is as though unacted,
A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poiſonous ſimple ſometimes is compacted
In pureſt compounds; being ſo applied,
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy children ſake,
Tender my ſuit, bequeath not to their lot
The ſhame that from them no device can take,
The blemiſh that will never be forgot:
Worſe than a ſlaviſh wipe, or birth-hours blot:

For markes deſcried in mens nativity,
Are Natures faults, not their owne infamy.

Here with a Cockatrice dead killing eye,
He rowſeth up himſelf, and makes a pauſe,
While ſhe the picture of pure piety,
Like a white Hinde beneath the gripes ſharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderneſs where are no lawes,
To the rough beaſt, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obeyes but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim miſt the aſpiring mountaine hiding,
From earths dark womb ſome gentle guſt doth get,
Which blow theſe pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindring their preſent fall by this dividing.
So his unhallowed haſte her words delaies,
And moody *Pluto* winkes while *Orpheus* plays.

Yet foule night waking Cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe panteth;
Her ſad behaviour feeds his vulture folly;
A ſwallowing gulfe that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining,
Tears harden luſt, tho marble wears with raining.

Her pitty pleading eyes are ſadly fixed
In the remorſeleſſe wrinkles of his face:
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighs is mixed,

Which

Which to her Oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breaks,
That twice ſhe doth begin ere once ſhe ſpeaks.

She conjures him by high almighty *Jove*,
By Knighthood, Gentry, and ſweet Friendſhips oath,
By her untimely tears, her Husbands love,
By holy humane law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the powers of both,
That to his borrowed bed he may retire,
And ſtoop to honor, not to foul deſire.

6. *Lucrece pleadeth in defence of chaſtity, and exprobateth his uncivil luſt.*

Quoth ſhe, reward not Hoſpitality
With ſuch black payment as thou haſt pretended,
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
Marre not the thing that cannot be amended:
End thy ill ayme, before thy ſhoot be ended.
He is no Wood-man that doth bend his bow
To ſtrike a poor unſeaſonable Doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his ſake ſpare me,
Thy ſelf art mighty, for thine own ſake leave me:
My ſelf a weakeling, do not then inſnare me:
Thou look'ſt not like deceit, do not deceive me.
My ſighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee,
If ever man was mov'd with woman's mones,
Be moved with my tears, my ſighs, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
Beat at thy rocky, and wrack-threatning heart,

To ſoften it with their continual motion:
For ſtones diſſolv'd, to Water doe convert.
Or if no harder than a ſtone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compaſſionate,
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In *Tarquins* likeneſs I did entertain thee,
Haſt thou put on his Shape to do him ſhame?
To all the hoſt of Heaven I complain me,
Thou wrongſt his honor, woundſt his princely name,
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; and if the fame,
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a God, a King?
For Kings like Gods ſhould govern every thing.

How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?
If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,
What dar'd thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From vaſſal Actors can be wipt away
Then Kings miſdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed ſhall make thee only lov'd for feare,
But happy Monarchs ſtill are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce muſt beare,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, they will remove.
For Princes are the glaſſe, the ſchool, the booke,
Where Subjects eyes do learn, do read, do looke.

And

And wilt thou be the ſchool where luſt ſhall learn?
Muſt he in thee read Lectures of ſuch ſhame?
Wilt thou be glaſſe wherein it ſhall diſcern
Authority for ſin, warrant for blame?
To privilege diſhonour in thy name.
Thou back'ſt reproch againſt long living laud,
And mak'ſt fair Reputation but a baud.

Haſt thou commanded? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy ſword to gard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how can'ſt thou fulfill
When patternd by thy fault, foul ſin may ſay,
He learn'd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way?

Think but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent treſpaſſe in another:
Mens faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear,
Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother;
This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own miſdeeds aſkaunce their eyes.

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeal,
Not to ſeducing luſt thy raſh reply:
I ſue for exil'd majeſties repeal,
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire.
His true reſpect will priſon falſe deſire,

And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eyne,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pitty mine.

7. Tarquin *all impatient interrupts her, and denied of conſent, breaketh the encloſure of her chaſtity by force.*

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but ſwels the higher by this let.
Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the winde in greater fury fret;
The pretty ſtreams that pay a dayly debt
To their ſalt ſovereign with their freſh falls haſt,
Add to this flow, but alter not the taſte.

Thou art, (quoth ſhe) a ſea, a ſovereign King,
And loe, there falls into thy boundleſs flood,
Black Luſt, Diſhonour, Shame, Miſgoverning,
Who ſeek to ſtaine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe petty ills ſhall change thy good,
Thy ſea within a puddle wombe is berſed,
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed.

So ſhall theſe ſlaves be King, and thou their ſlave:
Thou nobly baſe, they baſely dignified:
Thou their faire life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their ſhame, they in thy pride,
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide.
The Cedar ſtoopes not to the baſe ſhrubs foot,
But low ſhrubs wither at the Cedars root.

So let thy thoughts low vaſſals to thy ſtate.
No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love, if not, enforced hate

In-

Inſtead of loves coy touch ſhall rudely teare thee:
That done, deſpightfully I mean to bear thee
Unto the baſe bed of ſome raſcal groome,
To be thy partner in this ſhameful doome.

This ſaid, he ſets his foot upon the light,
For light and luſt are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When moſt unſeen, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The Wolf hath ſeiz'd his prey, the poor Lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controld,
Intombs her outcry in her lips ſweet fold.

For with the nightly linnen that ſhe wears,
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt tears,
That ever modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed.
O that foule luſt ſhould ſtaine ſo pure a bed:
The ſpots whereof could weeping purifie;
Her teares ſhould drop on them perpetually.

But ſhe hath loſt a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would loſe again:
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentary joy breeds moneths of pain,
This hot deſire converts to cold diſdain:
Pure Chaſtity is rifled of her ſtore,
And luſt, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the ful-fed Hound or gorged Hawke,
Unapt for tender ſmell or ſpeedy flight,
Make ſlow purſuit, or altogether bauke
The prey wherein by Nature they delight:
So ſurfet-taking *Tarquin* fears this night.
His taſte delicious, in digeſtion ſowring,
Devoures his will, that liv'd by foule devouring.

O deeper ſin than bottomleſs conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken deſire muſt vomit his receit,
Ere he can ſee his own abomination.
While luſt is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or rein his raſh deſire,
Till like a jade, ſelf-will himſelf doth tire.

And then with lank and lean diſcolour'd cheeke,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and ſtrengthleſs pace,
Feeble deſire all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankerout begger wailes his caſe:
The fleſh being proud, deſire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remiſſion prays.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of *Rome*,
Who this accompliſhment ſo hotly chaſed:
For now againſt himſelf he ſounds this doome,
That thro' the length of time he ſtands diſgraced,
Beſides, his Souls fair temple is defaced:

To

To whoſe weak ruines muſter troops of cares,
To aſk the ſpotted Princeſſe how ſhe fares.

She ſays, her ſubjects with foule inſurrection
Have battred downe her conſecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in ſubjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and paine perpetual:
Which in her preſcience ſhe controled ſtill,
But her foreſight could not foreſtal their will.

Even in this thought thro the dark night he ſtealeth
A captive victor that hath loſt in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcar that will deſpight of Cure remain,
Leaving his ſpoil perplext in greater pain.
She bears the load of luſt he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a theevish dog creepes ſadly thence,
She like a wearied Lamb lies panting there:
He ſcowles and hates himſelf for his offence,
She deſperate, with her nails, her fleſh doth tear.
He faintly flies, ſweating with guilty fear;
She ſtaies exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt-away:
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning light,

She prays ſhe never may behold the day,
For day, quoth ſhe, night-ſcapes doth open lay:
And my true eyes have never practiſed how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can ſee
The ſame diſgrace which they themſelves behold:
And therefore would they ſtill in darkneſſe lie,
To have their unſeen ſin remain untold:
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eate in ſteel,
Upon my cheeks what helpleſſe ſhame I feel.

8. Lucrece *thus abuſed, complains of her miſery.*

Here ſhe exclaims againſt repoſe and reſt,
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blind:
She wakes her heart by beating on her breſt,
And bids it leap from thence where it may finde
Some purer cheſt, to cloſe ſo pure a minde.
Frantick with grief thus breaths ſhe forth her ſpight,
Againſt the unſeen ſecrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
Dim regiſter and notary of ſhame,
Black ſtage for tragedies and murthers fell,
Vaſt ſinne-concealing Chaos, nurſe of blame,
Blind muffled bawde, dark harbor of defame!
Grim cave of death, whiſpring conſpirator,
With cloſe-tongued treaſon, and the raviſher!

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſs crime:
Muſter thy miſts to meet the Eaſterne light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time:
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
His wonted height, yet ere he goe to bed,
Knit poyſonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps raviſh the morning ayre,
Let their exhal'd unwholeſome breaths make ſicke
The life of purity, the ſupreme faire,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide pricke,
And let thy miſty vapors march ſo thicke,
That in their ſmoaky rankes his ſmother'd light
May ſet at noone and make perpetual night.

Were *Tarquin* night as he is but nights child,
The ſilver ſhining Queene he would diſdain,
Her twinckling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
Through Nights black boſom ſhould not peep again,
So ſhould I have copartners in my paine:
And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſwage,
As Palmers that make ſhort their Pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to bluſh with me,
To croſs their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their infamy,
But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
Seaſoning the earth with ſhowers of ſilver brine,

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with grones,
Poore waſting monuments of laſting mones.

O night, thou furnace of foule reeking ſmoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all hiding cloake
Immodeſtly lies martyred with diſgrace.
Keep ſtill poſſeſſion of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy raign are made,
May likewiſe be ſepulchred in thy ſhade.

Make me not object to the tel-tale day,
The light ſhall ſhew charactred in my brow,
The ſtory of ſweet chaſtities decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlockes vow.
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my lothſome treſpaſs in my looks.

The nurſe to ſtill her child will tell my ſtory,
And fright her crying babe with *Tarquins* name:
The Orator to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproch to *Tarquins* ſhame,
Feaſt finding minſtrels tuning my defame
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my good name, that ſenſeleſs reputation,
For *Colatines* dear love be kept unſpotted:
If that be made a theame for diſputation,

The

The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to *Colatine*.

O unseen shame, invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore, crest-wounding private scar!
Reproch is stampt in *Colatinus* face,
And *Tarquin*'s eye may read the mote afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them (knows?

If *Colatine*, thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft:
My hony lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,
Have no Perfection of my summer left,
But rob'd and ransackt by injurious theft.
In thy weak hive a wandring wasp hath crept,
And suckt the hony which thy chast Bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honor's wrack,
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonor to disdaine him;
Besides of wearinesse he did complain him;
And talkt of vertue, (O unlookt for evil,
When vertue is prophan'd in such a Devil!)

Why

Why ſhould the worme intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful Cuckows hatch in Sparrows neſts?
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or Tyrant folly lurke in gentle breſts?
Or Kings be breakers of their own beheſts?
But no perfection is ſo abſolute,
That ſome iniquity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold,
But like ſtill pining *Tantalus* he ſits,
And uſeleſs bans the harveſt of his wits;
Having no other pleaſure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot uſe it,
And leaves it to be maſter'd by his yong;
Who in their pride doe preſently abuſe it:
Their Father was too weak, and they too ſtrong,
To hold their curſed bleſſed fortune long.
The ſweets we wiſh oft turn to loathed ſours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring,
Unwholſome weeds take root with precious flowers,
The Adder hiſſeth where the ſweet birds ſing,
What vertue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can ſay is ours;

But ill annexed Opportunity,
Or kills his life, or elſe his quality.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great;
'Tis thou that execut'ſt the traitors treaſon;
Thou ſets the Wolfe where he the Lamb may get:
Who ever plots the ſin, thou points the ſeaſon;
'Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon.
And in thy ſhady cell where none may ſpy her,
Sits ſin to ſeaze the ſouls that wander by her.

Thou mak'ſt the Veſtal violate her oath:
Thou blowſt the fire when Temperance is thawd:
Thou ſmotherſt honeſty, thou murtherſt troth;
Thou foul abettor, thou notorious baud;
Thou planteſt ſcandal, and diſplaceſt laud.
Thou raviſher, thou traitor, thou falſe thief,
Thy hony turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame,
Thy private feaſting to a publick faſt:
Thy ſmothering titles to a ragged name;
Thy ſugred tongue to bitter wormwood taſte;
Thy violent vanities can never laſt.
How comes it then, vile opportunity
Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble ſuppliants friend,
And bring him where his ſuit may be obtained?
When wilt thou ſort an hour great ſtrifes to end?

Or free that ſoul which wretchedneſs hath chained?
Give phyſick to the ſick, eaſe to the pained?
  The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
  But they nere met with opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Phyſician ſleeps;
The Orphan pines while the Oppreſſor feeds;
Juſtice is feaſting while the widow weeps:
Adviſe is ſporting while infection breeds,
Thou grant'ſt no time for charitable deeds:
  Wrath, envy, treaſon, rape, and murther rages,
  Thy hainous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Vertue have to do with thee,
A thouſand croſſes keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help, but Sin nere gives a fee
He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid,
As well to hear, as grant what he hath ſaid.
  My *Colatine* would elſe have come to me:
  When *Tarquin* did, but he was ſtaid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murther and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and ſubordination,
Guilty of treaſon, forgery, and ſhift,
Guilty of inceſt, that abomination,
An acceſſary by thine inclination
  To all ſins paſt, and all that are to come,
  From the creation to the general doom.

Miſhapen

Miſhapen time, copeſmate of ugly night,
Swift ſubtile poſt, carrier of griſly care,
Eater of youth, falſe ſlave to falſe delight,
Baſe watch of woes, ſins pack-horſe, vertues ſnare,
Thou nurſeſt all, and murthereſt all that are:
O hear me then, injurious ſhifting time,
Be guilty of my death, ſince of my crime.

Why hath thy ſervant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gav'ſt me to repoſe?
Cancel'd my fortunes and enchained me
To endleſs date of never-ending woes?
Times office is to find the hate of foes,
To eat up error by opinion bred,
Not ſpend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Times glory is to calme contending Kings,
To unmask falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtamp the ſeal of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and ſentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy houres
And ſmear with duſt their glittering golden towrs.

To fill with worm-holes ſtately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quils from ancient Rayens wings,
To dry the old oakes ſap, and cheriſh ſprings,

To

To ſpoil antiquities of hammered ſteel,
And turn the giddy round of fortunes wheel.

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To ſlay the Tyger that doth live by ſlaughter,
To tame the Unicorne and Lion wilde,
To mock the ſubtile in themſelves beguil'd;
To chear the Plowman with increaſeful crops,
And waſte huge ſtones with little water drops.

Why workſt thou miſchief in thy Pilgrimage,
Unleſs thou couldſt return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age,
Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends.
O this dread night, wouldſt thou one hour come (backe,
I could prevent this ſtorm, and ſhun this wracke.

Thou ceaſeleſſe lacky to Eternity,
With ſome miſchance croſſe *Tarquin* in this flight,
Deviſe extreams beyond extremity
To make him curſe this curſed crimeful night:
Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil,
Shape every buſh a hideous ſhapeleſs Devil.

Diſturbe his howres of reſt with reſtleſs trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid grones;

Let

Let there bechance him pitiful miſchances;
To make him moane, but pity not his mones:
Stone him with hardened hearts harder than ſtones,
And let mild women to him looſe their mildneſs,
Wilder to him than Tigers in their wildneſs.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time againſt himſelf to rave,
Let him have time of times help to deſpair,
Let him have time to live a loathed ſlave,
Let him have time a beggers orts to crave;
And time to ſee one that by alms doth live,
Diſdain to him diſdained ſcraps to give.

Let him have time to ſee his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him reſort:
Let him have time to mark how ſlow time goes
In time of ſorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of folly, and his time of ſport:
And ever let his unrecalling time,
Have time to waile th' abuſing of his time.

O time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curſe him that thou taughts this ill,
At his own ſhadow let the theef run mad,
Himſelf, himſelf ſeek every hour to kill,
Such wretched hands ſuch wretched bloud ſhould ſpill,
For who ſo baſe would ſuch an Office have,
As ſlanderous deaths-man to ſo baſe a Slave?

The baſer is he, coming from a King,
To ſhame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greateſt ſcandal waits on greateſt ſtate.
The moon being clouded preſently is miſt,
But little Stars may hide them when they liſt.

The Crow may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd flie with the filth away,
But if the like the ſnow-white Swan deſire,
The ſtain upon his ſilver Downe will ſtay.
Poor groomes are ſightleſs night, Kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted whereſoere they flye,
But Eagle gaz'd upon with every eye.

Our idle words, ſervants to ſhallow fooles
Unprofitable ſounds, weak arbitrators,
Buſie our ſelves in skil-contending ſchooles,
Debate where leaſure ſerves with dull debators;
To trembling *Clients* be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a ſtraw,
Since that my Caſe is paſt the help of law.

In vain I raile at Opportunity,
At Time, at *Tarquin*, and unſearchful night:
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I ſpurn at my confirm'd deſpight:
This helpleſs ſmoak of words doth me no right;

The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiverest thou at this decree?
Honor thy self to rid me of this shame,
For if I die, my Honor lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast affeard to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thy self and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starts,
To find some desperate instrument of Death,
But this no slaughter-house, no tool imparts,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged Canon fumes.

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain
Some happy meane to end a hapless life:
I feard by *Tarquins* fauchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife,
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now; O no, that cannot be,
Of that true type hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

O that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die,
To clear this spot by death (at least) I give

A badge of fame to ſlaunders livery,
A dying life to living infamy,
Poor helpleſs help the treaſure ſtoln away,
To burn the guiltleſs Casket where it lay.

Well, well, dear *Colatine*, thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſt of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This baſtard graſſe ſhall never come to growth:
He ſhall not boaſt who did thy ſtock poſſute,
That thou art doting Father of his fruit.

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate,
But thou ſhalt know thy intereſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolne from forth thy gate:
For me I am the miſtreſs of my fate,
And with my treſpaſſe never will diſpence,
Till life to death acquit my forſt offence.

I will not poiſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coyn'd excuſes,
My ſable ground with ſin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe nights abuſes:
My tongue ſhall utter all; mine eyes like ſluces,
As from a mountain ſpring that feeds a dale
Shall guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting *Philomele* had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,

And ſolemn night with ſlow ſad gate deſcended
To ugly Hell, when loe the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to al faire eyes that light would borrow,
But cloudy *Lucrece* ſhames her ſelf to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſtred be.

Revealing day through every cranny ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping,
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeakes, O eye of eyes,
Why pry'ſt thou through my window? leave thy peeping,
Mock with thy tickling beames, eyes that are ſleeping,
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do whats done by night.

Thus cavils ſhe with every thing ſhe ſees,
True grief is fond and teſtie as a child,
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought agrees,
Old woes, not infant ſorrows bear them milde;
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
Like an unpractiz'd ſwimmer plunging ſtill,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So ſhe deep drenched in a Sea of care,
Holds diſputation with each thing ſhe viewes,
And to her ſelf all ſorrow doth compare,
No object but her paſſions ſtrength renewes,
And as one ſhifts, another ſtraight enſues,
Sometimes her grief is dumbe and hath no words,
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

9. Lucrece *continuing her laments, diſputeth whether ſhe ſhould kill her ſelf or no.*

The little birds that tune their mornings joy,
Make her mones mad with their ſweet melody,
For mirth doth ſearch the bottome of annoy,
Sad Souls are ſlaine in merry company,
Grief beſt is pleaſed with griefs ſociety:
True ſorrow then is feelingly ſuffiz'd,
When with like ſemblance it is ſimpathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drowne in ken of ſhore,
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
To ſee the ſalve doth make the wound ake more,
Great grief grieves moſt at that would do it good;
Deep woes roul forward like a gentle flood,
Who being ſtopt, the bounding banks oreflows,
Grief dallied with, nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking Birds (quoth ſhe) your tunes intomb
Within your hollow ſwelling feathered breaſts,
And in my hearing be you ever dumb,
My reſtleſſe diſcord loves no ſtops nor reſts;
A woful hoſteſſe brooks not merry gueſts:
Reliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing ears,
Diſtreſſe likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

Come *Philomele*, that ſingſt of ravihment,
Make thy ſad grove in my diſheveld hair:
As the danke earth weeps at thy languiſhment;
So I at each ſad ſtraine will ſtraine a tear,
And with deep grones the *Diapaſon* bear:

For burthen-wife I'le hum on *Tarquin* ſtill,
While thou on *Tereus* deſcants better skill.

And whiles againſt a thorne thou bearſt thy part,
To keep thy ſharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, againſt my heart
Will fix a ſharpe knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it winke, ſhall thereon fall and die.
These means as frets upon an inſtrument,
Shall tune our heart-ſtrings to true languiſhment.

And for poor bird, thou ſingſt not in the day,
As ſhaming any eye ſhould thee behold,
Some dark deep deſart ſeated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat, nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures ſtern, ſad tunes to change their kinds,
Since men prove beaſts, let beaſts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted Deer that ſtands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one incompaſt with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with her ſelf is ſhe in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is ſham'd and death reproaches debter.

To kill my ſelf, quoth ſhe, alacke what were it,
But with my body my poore ſouls pollution?
They that loſe halfe with greater patience bear it,

Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My Body or Soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine;
Whose love of either to my self was nearer?
When both were kept for Heaven and *Colatine*:
Ay me, the barke peel'd from the lofty Pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sakt, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion battered by the enemy,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grosly ingirt with daring infamy.
Then let it not be call'd impiety
If in this blemisht part I make some Hole,
Thro which I may convey this troubled Soul.

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*
Have heard the cause of my untimely death,
That he may vow in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath;
My stained blood to *Tarquin* I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent
And as his due, writ in my Testament.

My

My honor I'll bequeath unto the knife,
That wounds my body ſo diſhonoured:
'Tis Honor to deprive diſhonored life,
The one will live, the other being dead;
So of ſhames aſhes ſhall my fame be bred:
For in my death I murther ſhameful ſcorn,
My ſhame ſo dead, my honor is new-born.

Dear Lord of that dear jewel I have loſt,
What legacy ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My reſolution, love, ſhall be thy boaſt,
By whoſe example thou reveng'd mayſt be:
How *Tarquin* muſt be us'd, read it in me:
My ſelf thy friend will kill my ſelf thy foe,
And for my ſake ſerve thou falſe *Tarquin* ſo.

This brief abridgment of my will I make,
My Soul and Body to the skies and ground,
My reſolution (husband) do you take,
Mine honor be the knife's that makes my wound,
My ſhame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives bisburſed be
To thoſe that live and think no ſhame of me.

Then *Colatine* ſhall overſee this will,
How was I overſeen that thou ſhalt ſee it?
My blood ſhall waſh the ſlander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed my life's fair end ſhall free it,
Faint not faint heart, but ſtoutly ſay, ſo be it.

Yield to my hand, and it ſhall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.

10. Lucrece reſolved to kill her ſelf, determines firſt to ſend her Husband word.

This plot of death when ſadly ſhe had laid,
And wip'd the briniſh pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue ſhe hoarſely call'd her maid,
Whoſe ſwift obedience to her miſtreſs lies,
For fleet-wing'd duty with thoughts feathers flies;
Poor *Lucrece* cheeks unto her maid ſeem ſo,
As winter meads when Sun doth melt their ſnow.

Her miſtreſs ſhe doth give demure good morrow,
With ſoft ſlow tongue, true marks of modeſty,
And ſoars a ſad looke to her Ladies ſorrow,
(For why her face wore ſorrows livery)
But durſt not ask of her audaciouſly,
Why her two ſuns were clowd-eclipſed ſo,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-waſht with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the ſun being ſet,
Each flower moiſten'd like a melting eye;
Even ſo the maid with ſwelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by ſimpathy
Of thoſe fair Suns ſet in her miſtreſs sky,
Who in a ſalt-wav'd Ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
Like ivory conduits coral ceſterns filling:
One juſtly weeps, the other takes in hand;

No

No cauſe, but company of her drops ſpilling,
Their gentle ſex to weepe are often willing,
Grieving themſelves to gueſs at others ſmarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their (hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will:
The weak oppreſt, th' impreſſion of ſtrange kinds,
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more than wax ſhall be accounted evil,
Wherein is ſtampt the ſemblance of a devil.

Their ſmoothneſſe like a champaine plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep
In men, as a rough grown grove remain
Cave-keeping evils that obſcurely ſleep,
Through chryſtal walls each little mote will peep:
Tho men can cover crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own faults books.

No man inveighs againſt the withered flower,
But chides rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame; O let it not be held
Poor womens faults, that they are ſo fulfill'd
With mens abuſes, thoſe proud Lords to blame,
Make weak made women tenants to their ſhame.

The

The preſident whereof in *Lucrece* view,
Aſſail'd by night with circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent death and ſhame that might enſue,
By that her death to doe her huſband wrong:
Such danger to reſiſtance did belong.
The dying fear through all her body ſpread,
And who cannot abuſe a body dead?

By this mild patience bid fair *Lucrece* ſpeak,
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
My girle, quoth ſhe, on what occaſion break
Thoſe tears from thee, that down thy checks are (raining?
If thou doſt weep for grief of my ſuſtaining,
Know gentle wench, it ſmall avails my mood,
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me girle, when went (and there ſhe ſtaid
Till after a deep grone) *Tarquin* from hence?
Madam ere I was up (reply'd the maid)
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence;
Yet with the fault I thus far can diſpenſe,
My ſelf was ſtirring ere the break of day,
And ere I roſe was *Tarquin* gone away.

But Lady, if your maid may be ſo bold,
She would requeſt to know your heavineſs.
O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſſe:
For more it is than I can well expreſſe,

And

And that deep torture may be call'd a Hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,
Yet ſave that labour for I have them here,
(What ſhould I ſay) one of my husbands men,
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
A Letter to my Lord, my Love, my Dear;
Bid him with ſpeed prepare to carry it,
The cauſe craves haſt, and it will ſoon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and ſhe prepares to write,
Firſt hovering ore the paper with her quill,
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,
What Wit ſets down is blotted ſtill with Will,
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill.
Much like a preſs of people at a dore,
Throng her inventions which ſhall goe before.

At laſt ſhe thus begins: Thou worthy Lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy perſon, next vouchſafe t' afford
(If ever, Love, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt ſee)
Some preſent ſpeed to come and viſit me:
So I commend me from our houſe in grief,
My woes are tedious, tho my words are brief.

Here folds ſhe up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain ſorrow writ uncertainly,
By this ſhort ſchedule *Colatine* may know

Her

Her grief, but not her griefes true quality,
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own grosse abuse,
Ere she with bloud had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoords to spend, when he is by to hear her,
When sighs and grones, and teares may grace the fa-
(shion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her
To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold:
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebs being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is sealed, and on it writ,
At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than haste:
The Post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sowre-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging soules before the *Northern* blast.
Speed, more than speed, but dull and slow she deems,
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The

The homely villain curſies to her low,
And blushing on her with a ſtedfaſt eye
Receives the ſcroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth flie:
But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For *Lucrece* thought he blusht to see her shame.

When silly Groome (God wot) it was deſect
Of ſpirit, life, and bold audacity,
Such harmleſſe creatures have a true reſpect
To talk in deeds, while other ſawcily
Promiſe more ſpeed, but do it leaſurely.
Even ſo this pattern of the worne out age,
Pawn'd honeſt looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
She thought he blusht, as knowing *Tarquins* luſt,
And blushing with him, wiſtly on him gazed,
Her earneſt eye did make him more amazed:
The more ſhe ſaw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more ſhe thought he ſpied in her some blemish.

But long ſhe thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vaſſal ſcarce is gone,
The weary time ſhe cannot entertain,
For now 'tis ſtale to ſigh, to weepe, and grone,
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tyred mone,

That

That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for meanes to mourne some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting made for *Priams Troy*,
Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
For *Helens* rape the City to destroy,
Threatning cloud-kissing *Ilion* with annoy;
Which the conceited *Painter* drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable Objects there
In scorne of Nature, Art gave liveleſſe life:
Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the slaughtred husband by a wife.
The red bloud reek'd to shew the painters strife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring Pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towres of *Troy* there would appear
The very eyes of men through loope-holes thrust;
Gazing upon the *Greekes* with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far off eyes look sad.

In great Commanders, Grace and Majesty
You might behold triumphing in their faces,
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity;

And

And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,
Which heartleſſe peaſants did ſo well reſemble,
That one would ſwear, he ſaw them quake and (tremble.
In *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes*, O what Art
Of Phyſiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart,
Their face their manners moſt expreſly told,
In *Ajax* eyes blunt rage and rigor rold.
But the mild glance that ſly *Ulyſſes* lent,
Shew'd deep regard and ſmiling government.

There pleading might you ſee grave *Neſtor* ſtand,
As 'twere encouraging the *Greekes* to fight,
Making ſuch ſober Actions with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the ſight:
In ſpeech it ſeem'd his beard, all ſilver white,
Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did flie
Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the ſkie.

About him were a preſs of gaping faces,
Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice:
All jointly liſtning, but with ſeveral graces,
As if ſome Mermaid did their eares intice;
Some high, ſome low, the painter was ſo nice.
The ſcalpes of many almoſt hid behind,
To jump up higher ſeem'd to mock the mind.

Here one mans hand lean'd on anothers head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbors eare,
Here one being throng'd bears back all boln and red,
Another smothered, seems to pelt and swear,
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As but for losse of *Nestors* golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there,
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for *Achilles* image stood his speare
Gript in an armed hand, himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged *Troy*,
When their brave hope, bold *Hector*, march'd to field,
Stood many *Trojan* mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That thro' their light joy seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strond of *Dardan* where they fought,
To *Simois* reedy banks the red bloud ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battel sought
With swelling ridges, and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then

Re-

Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and ſhoote their ſome at *Simois* banks.

To this well painted piece is *Lucrece* come,
To find a face where all diſtreſs is ſteld;
Many ſhe ſees, where cares have carved ſome,
But none where all diſtreſſe and dolor dweld,
Till ſhe deſpairing *Hecuba* beheld,
Staring on *Priams* wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under *Pyrrhus* proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anatomiz'd
Times ruine, Beauties wrack, and grim cares reign,
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were diſguis'd
Of what ſhe was no ſemblance did remain,
Her blew bloud chang'd to black in every veine,
Wanting the ſpring that thoſe ſhrunk pipes had fed,
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a body dead.

On this ſad ſhadow *Lucrece* ſpends her eyes,
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the Beldames woes,
Who nothing wants to anſwer her but cries;
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The Painter was no God to lend her thoſe;
And therefore *Lucrece* ſwears he did her wrong,
To give her ſo much grief and not a tongue.

Poor Inſtrument (quoth he) without a ſound,
I'l tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop ſweet balme in *Priams* painted wound,
And rail on *Pyrrhus* that hath done him wrong,

And with my teares quench *Troy* that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the *Greeks* that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this stirre,
That with my nailes her beauty I may teare:
Thy heat of lust, fond *Paris*, did incur
This lode of wrath that burning *Troy* doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
And here in *Troy*, for trespasse of thine eye,
The Sire, the Son, the Dame and Daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one,
Become the publick plague of many moe?
Let sin alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltelesse soules be freed from guilty woe:
For ones offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general.

Loe here weeps *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies!
Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troylus* sounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one mans lust these many lives confounds.
Had doting *Priam* checkt his sons desire,
Troy had bin bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troyes* painted woes:
For sorrow like a heavy hanging bell,

Once

Once ſet on ringing, with his own weight goes,
Then little ſtrength rings out the doleful knell:
So *Lucrece* ſet aworke, ſad tales doth tell,
To pencil'd penſiveneſs, and colour'd ſorrow,
She lends them words, and ſhe their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painted round,
And who ſhe finds forlorne ſhe doth lament:
At laſt ſhe ſees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to *Phrygian* ſhepheards lent,
His face, though full of cares, yet ſhew'd content.
Onward to *Troy* with theſe blunt ſwains he goes,
So mild, that patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmleſs ſhow,
An humble gate, calm lookes, eyes wayling ſtill,
A brow unbent, that ſeem'd to welcome wo,
Cheeks, neyther red nor pale, but mingled ſo,
That bluſhing red, no guilty inſtance gave,
Nor aſhy pale, the fear that falſe hearts have.

But like a conſtant and confirmed Devil,
He entertain'd a ſhow ſo ſeeming juſt,
And therein ſo inſconſt this ſecret evil,
That jealouſie it ſelf could not miſtruſt,
Falſe creeping craft and perjury ſhould thruſt
Into ſo bright a day, ſuch black-fac'd ſtormes,
Or blot with hel-borne ſin ſuch Saint-like formes.

The well-skill'd workman this mild Image drew
For perjur'd *Sinon*, whose inchanting story
The credulous old *Priam* after slew:
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built *Ilion*, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glasse fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in *Sinon*'s was abus'd,
So fair a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still she on him gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plaine face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile
(She would have said) can lurke in such a look;
But *Tarquin*'s shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurke, from cannot, took
It cannot be, she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For even as subtle *Sinon* here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguild

With

With outward honeſty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice; as *Priam* him did cheriſh,
So did I *Tarquin*, ſo my *Troy* did periſh.

Looke, looke how liſtning *Priam* wets his eyes,
To ſee thoſe borrowed tears that *Sinon* ſheds:
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wiſe?
For every tear he falls, a *Trojan* bleeds:
His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.
Thoſe round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchleſſe fire to burn the City.

Such Devils ſteale effects from lightleſſe Hell,
For *Sinon* in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
Theſe contraries ſuch unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So *Priam*'s truſt falſe *Sinon*'s tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his *Troy* with Water.

Here all enrag'd, ſuch paſſion her aſſails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breaſt;
She tears the ſenſeleſſe *Sinon* with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy gueſt,
Whoſe deed hath made her ſelf her ſelf deteſt;
At laſt ſhe ſmilingly with this gives o're,
Fool, fool, quoth ſhe, his wounds will not be ſore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her ſorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.

She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in sorrows sharp sustaining,
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipt her thought,
That she with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others detriment,
Loosing her woes in shews of discontent;
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

Upon Lucrece *sending for* Colatine *in such haste, he with divers of his Allies and Friends returns home.*

But now the mindful Messenger comes back,
Brings home his Lord and other company;
Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning black,
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blew circles stream'd like Rain-bows in the sky.
These water-gals in her dim element,
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares;
Her eyes though sod in tears, lookt red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares,
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring each others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudleſſe hand,
And thus begins. What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
Sweet love, what ſpite hath thy fair colour ſpent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent?
Unmaſk, dear Dear, this moody heavineſſe,
And tell thy griefe, that we may give redreſſe.
Three times with ſighs ſhe gives her ſorrows fire,
E're once ſhe can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſt to anſwer his deſire,
She modeſtly prepares to let them know
Her Honor is ta'n priſoner by the Foe;
While *Colatine* and his conforted Lords
With ſad attention long to hear her Words.
And now this pale Swan in her watry neſt,
Begins the Dirge of her certain ending;
Few words (quoth ſhe) ſhall fit the treſpaſſe beſt,
Where no excuſe can give the fault amending.
In me more woes than words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.
Then be this all the taſk it hath to ſay.
Dear husband, in the intereſt of thy bed
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou waſt wont to reſt thy weary head,

And what wrong elſe may be imagined
By fouls inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With ſhining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And ſoftly cry'd, awake thou *Roman* Dame,
And entertain my love, elſe laſting ſhame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my loves deſire doe contradict.

For ſome hard favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unleſſe thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'le murther ſtraight, and then I'le ſlaughter thee,
And ſweare I found you where you did fulfil
The loathſome act of Luſt, and ſo did kill
The Lechers in their deed, this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my heart he ſets his ſword,
Swearing, unleſſe I tooke all patiently,
I ſhould not live to ſpeak another word,
So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*,
Th'adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her groom.

Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poor ſelf weak,
(And farre the weaker with ſo ſtrong a fear)

My

My bloody Judge forbad my tongue to ſpeak,
No rightful plea might plead for Juſtice there:
His ſcarlet luſt came evidence to ſwear,
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the Judge is rob'd, the priſoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own excuſe,
Or (at the leaſt) this refuge let me find;
Tho my groſſe blood be ſtain'd with this abuſe,
Immaculate and ſpotleſſe is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that never was enclin'd
To acceſſary-yieldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poiſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Loe here the hopeleſſe Merchant of his loſſe,
With head inclin'd, and voice dam'd up with woe,
With ſad ſet eyes, and wretched arms acroſſe,
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The grief away that ſtops his anſwer ſo:
But wretched as he is, he ſtrives in vain,
What he breaths out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an Arch the violent roaring Tide,
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haſte:
Yet in the Eddy boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the ſtrait that forc'd him on ſo faſt;
In rage ſent out, recall'd in rage being paſt;
Even ſo his ſighs his ſorrows make a ſaw,
To puſh grief on, and back the ſame grief draw.

Which

Which ſpeechleſſe woe of his poor ſhe attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh;
Deare Lord, thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
Another power, no ſtoud by raining ſlaketh,
My woe too ſenſible thy paſſion maketh;
More feeling painful, let it then ſuffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my ſake when I might charme thee ſo,
For ſhe that was thy *Lucrece* now attend me,
Be ſuddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own, ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me,
From what is paſt, the help that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die;
For ſparing Juſtice feeds Iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair Lords, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe that came with *Colatine*)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With ſwift purſuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair deſign,
To chaſe injuſtice with revengeful arms,
Knights by their oaths ſhould right poor Ladies harms.

Upon the relation of Lucrece her rape, Colatine and the reſt ſwear to revenge, but ſhe ſeems not full ſatisfaction to her loſſes.

At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent Lord began to promiſe aid,
As bound in knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewraid.

But

But she that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wipt from me?
What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstances
May my pure mind with the foul act dispence,
My low declined honour to advance?
May any termes acquit me from this chance?
The poisoned fountaine clears it self again,
And why not I from this compelled stain.

With this they all at once began to say,
Her bodies stain the mind untainted clears,
While with a joylesse smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune carv'd it in with teares.
No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuses giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would breake,
She throwes forth *Tarquins* name, he, he, she says;
But more than, he, her poor Tongue could not speak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, he, he, fair Lord, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

She killeth her self to excuse the more to punish the Deed.

Even

Even here ſheath'd in her harmleſſe breſt
A harmful knife, that thence her ſoul unſheathed,
That blow did bayle it from the deep unreſt
Of that polluted Priſon where it breathed,
Her contrite ſighs unto the clouds bequeathed,
Her winged ſpright, and through her Wounds doth flie
Lifes laſting date from canceld deſtiny.

Stone-ſtill, aſtoniſht with this deadly deed,
Stood *Colatine* and all his Lordly crew.
Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her bleed,
Himſelf, on her ſelf-ſlaughtered body threw,
And from the purple fountain *Brutus* drew,
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood in poor revenge, held it in chaſe.

And bubbling from her breſt, it doth divide
In two ſlow rivers, that the crimſon bloud
Circles her body in on every ſide,
Who like a late ſackt Iſland vaſtly ſtood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her bloud, ſtill pure and red remaind,
And ſome lookt black, and that falſe *Tarquin* ſtaind.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black bloud, a watry rigol goes,
Which ſeemes to weep upon the tainted place:

And

And ever ſince a pitying *Lucrece* woes,
Corrupted bloud ſome watry token ſhowes;
And bloud untainted ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old *Lucretius* cries,
That life was mine, which thou haſt here deprived;
If in the child the fathers image lies,
Where ſhall I live, now *Lucrece* is unlived?
Thou waſt not to this end from me derived.
If children predeceaſe Progenitours,
We are their off-ſpring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glaſſe, I often did behold
In thy ſweet ſemblance, my old age new born,
But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and old,
Shews me a barebon'd Death, by time out-worn,
O from my cheeks my image thou haſt torn,
And ſhiver'd all the beauty from my glaſſe,
That I no more can ſee what once I was.

O time, ceaſe thou thy courſe, and haſt no longer,
If thou ſurceaſe to be, that ſhould ſurvive:
Shall rotten death make conqueſt of the ſtronger,
And leave the foultring feeble ſoules alive?
The old Bees die, the young poſſeſs their hive,
Then live ſweet *Lucrece*, live again, and ſee
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this ſtarts *Colatine* as from a dreame,
And bids *Lucretius* give his ſorrow place,
And then in key-cold *Lucrece* bleeding ſtreame
He fals, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a ſpace:
Till manly ſhame bids him poſſeſs his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward ſoule,
Hath ſerv'd a dumb arreſt upon his tongue,
Who made that ſorrow ſhould his uſe controle,
Or keep him from heart-eaſing words ſo long,
Begins to talk, but through his lips do throng
Weak words, ſo thick come in his poor hearts aid,
That no man could diſtinguiſh what he ſaid.

Yet ſometime *Tarquin* was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if his name he tore,
This windy tempeſt till it blow up rain,
Held back his ſorrows tide, to make it more.
At laſt it raines, and buſy winds give ore:
Then ſon and father weep with equall ſtrife,
Who ſhould weep moſt for Daughter or for Wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may poſſeſſe the claime they lay:
The father ſays, ſhe's mine; O mine ſhe is,
Replies her husband: Do not take away

My

My ſorrowes intereſt, let no mourner ſay
He weepes for her, for ſhe was only mine,
And only muſt be waild by *Colatine.*

O, quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that life
Which ſhe too early and too late hath ſpild.
Woe, woe, quoth *Colatine*, ſhe was my wife,
I own'd her, and 'tis mine that ſhe hath kild.
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
The diſperſt aire, who holding *Lucrece* life,
Anſwer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus, who pluckt the knife from *Lucrece* ſide,
Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
Began to cloth his wit in ſtate and pride,
Burying in *Lucrece* wound his follies ſhow:
He with the Romanes was eſteemed ſo,
As ſilly leering ideots are with kings,
For ſpotive words, and uttering fooliſh things.

But now he throwes that ſhallow habit by,
Wherein the Policy did him diſguiſe,
And arm'd his long hid wits adviſedly,
To check the teares in *Colatinus* eyes,
Thou wronged Lord of *Rome*, quoth he, ariſe,
Let my unlounded ſelf ſuppos'd a fool
Now ſet thy long experienſt wit to ſchool.

Why *Colatine*, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?

Is it revenge to give thy ſelf a blow
For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childiſh humor from weak minds proceeds.
Thy wretched wife miſtook the matter ſo,
To ſlay her ſelf, that ſhould have ſlain her foe.

Couragious *Romane* do not ſteep thy heart
In ſuch lamenting dew of lamentations,
But kneele with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouſe our *Romane* Gods with invocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe abominations,
(Since *Rome* her ſelf in them doth ſtand diſgraced
By our ſtrong arms from forth her fair ſtreets (chaſed.

Now by the *Capitol* that we adore,
And by this chaſt bloud ſo unjuſtly ſtained,
By heavens fair ſun, that breeds the fat earths ſtore,
By all our country rites in *Rome* maintained,
And by chaſt *Lucreces* ſoul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloudy knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This ſaid, he ſtrook his hand upon his breaſt,
And kiſt the fatal knife to end his vow:
And to his proteſtation urg'd the reſt,
Who wondring at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow which *Brutus* made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they ſwore.

When

When they had ſworne to his adviſed doome,
They did conclude to bear dead *Lucrece* thence,
To ſhew the bleeding body throughout *Rome*,
And ſo to publiſh *Tarquins* foul offence;
Which being done, with ſpeedy diligence,
The *Romans* plauſibly did give conſent,
To *Tarquins* everlaſting baniſhment.

FINIS.

When they had sworne to this advised doome,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To shew the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish [illegible] offence;
Which being done, [illegible]
The Romane [illegible]
To [illegible]

BRITISH MUSEUM

SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE'S

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1599

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1599.

THE

PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

WHen my Love ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I do beleeve her (though I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might thinke me ſome untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the worlds falſe forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be paſt the beſt:
I ſmiling, credite her falſe ſpeaking toung,
Outfacing faults in Love, with loves ill reſt.
But wherefore ſayes my Love that ſhe is young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O, Loves beſt habite is a ſoothing toung,
And Age (in Love) loves not to have yeares told.
Therefore Ile lye with Love, and Love with me,
Since that our faults in Love thus ſmother'd be.

Two Loves I have, of Comfort and Despaire,
That like two Spirits do suggest me still:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worser spirite a woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me soone to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better Angel from my side,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Devil,
Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angel be turnde feend,
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell)
For being both to me; both to each friend,
I gueſſe one Angel in anothers hell:
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad Angel fire my good one out.

Did not the heavenly Rhetorike of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false perjurie?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore: But I will prove
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is;
Then thou fair Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foole is not so wise
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise?

Sweet

Sweet *Cytherea*, ſitting by a Brook,
With young *Adonis*, lovely, freſh and green,
Did court the Lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauties queen:
She told him ſtories to delight his ears;
She ſhew'd him favours, to allure his eye;
To win his heart, ſhe touch'd him here and there,
Touches ſo ſoft ſtill conquer chaſtity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile and jeaſt at every gentle offer:
Then fell ſhe on her backe, fair queen, and toward
He roſe and ran away, ah foole too froward.

If Love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſweare to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Tho to my ſelf forſworn, to thee Ile conſtant prove,
Thoſe thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studdy his byas leaves, & makes his book thine eyes,
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that Art can comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that toung that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that ſoul that ſees thee without wonder,
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admyre:
Thine eye Jove's lightning ſeems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick and ſweet fire.

Celeſtial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To ſing heavens praiſe with ſuch an earthly (toung.

Scarſe had the Sunne dried up the dewy morn,
And ſcarſe the herd gone to the hedge for ſhade,
When *Cytherea* (all in love forlorne)
A longing tariance for *Adonis* made
Under an Oſyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where *Adon* us'd to coole his ſpleene:
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter that did looke
For his approch, that often there had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtark naked on the brook's green brim:
The Sunne look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queen on him:
He ſpying her, bounc'd in (whereas he ſtood)
Oh *Jove* (quoth ſhe) why was not I a flood?

Fair is my Love, but not ſo fair as fickle,
Mild as a Dove, but neither true nor truſty,
Brighter than glaſſe, and yet as glaſſe is brittle,
Softer than waxe, and yet as iron ruſty:
A little pale, with damaſke die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falſer, to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe joined,
Between each kiſſe her othes of true love ſwearing:
How many tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe coined,
Dreading my love, the loſſe whereof ſtill fearing;

Yet

Yet in the mids of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were (jeſtings.

She burnt with love, as ſtraw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as ſoon as ſtraw out burneth:
She fram'd the love, and yet ſhe foyld the framing,
She bad love laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.

If Muſicke and ſweet Poetry agree,
As they muſt needs (the Siſter and the Brother)
Then muſt the love be great twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deer, whoſe heavenly touch
Upon the Lute, doth raviſh humane ſenſe:
Spenſer to me, whoſe deep Conceit is ſuch,
As paſſing all Conceit, needs no Defence.
Thou lov'ſt to hear the ſweet melodious ſound,
That *Phœbus* Lute (the Queen of Muſick) makes;
And I in deep Delight am chiefly drown'd,
When as himſelf to ſinging he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loves both, and both in thee remaine.

Fair was the morn, when the fair Queen of love,
Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white Dove,
For *Adonis* ſake, a youngſter proud and wild,
Her ſtand ſhe takes upon a ſteep up hill.
Anon *Adonis* comes with horn and hounds,

She

She silly Queen, with more than loves good will,
Forbad the boy he should not pass those grounds.
Once (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deep wounded with a Boar,
Deep in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet Rose, fair Flower, untimely pluckt, soon vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring.
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,
Fair creature kill'd too soon by Deaths sharp sting:
Like a greene plumb that hangs upon a tree:
And falls (through wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why, thou lefts me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou lefts me more than I did crave,
For why; I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

Venus with *Adonis* sitting by her,
Under a Myrtle shade, began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god *Mars* did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac't me:
And then she clipt *Adonis* in her armes:

Even

Even thus (qouth ſhe) the warlike god unlac't me,
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charmes:
Even thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure:
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kiſſe and clip me till I run away.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,
Youth is full of pleaſance, age is full of care,
Youth like ſummer morn, age like winter weather,
Youth like ſummer braye, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport, Ages breath is ſhort,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame,
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I do abhor thee, Youth I do adore thee,
O my love, my love is young.
Age I do defie thee: Oh ſweet Shepheard hie (thee;
For me thinks thou ſtays too long.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful Good,
A ſhining gloſſe, that vadeth ſodainly,
A flower that dies, when firſt it gins to bud,
A brittle glaſſe, thats broken preſently.
A doubtful good, a gloſſe, a glaſſe, a flower,
Loſt, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And

And as goods loſt, are ſeld or never found,
As vaded gloſſe no rubbing will refreſh:
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glaſſe no ſymant can redreſs.
So beauty blemiſht once, for ever loſt,
In ſpite of phyſick, painting, paine and coſt.

Good night, good reſt, ah neither be my ſhare,
She bad good night, that kept my reſt away,
And daſt me to a cabben hangd with care;
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewel (quoth ſhe) and come againe to morrow
Farewel I could not, for I ſupt with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorn or friendſhip, nill I conſter whether:
'T may be ſhe joy'd to jeaſt at my exile,
'T may be again, to make me wander thither.
Wander (a word) for ſhadowes like my ſelf,
As take the pain, but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the Eaſt,
My heart doth charge the watch, the morning riſe
Doth ſcite each moving ſcence from idle reſt,
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes.
While *Philomela* fits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her layes were tuned like the Lark.

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditte,
And drives away dark dreaming night:
The night ſo packt, I poſt unto my pretty,
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight,
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, and ſolace mixt with ſorrow,
For why, ſhe ſigh, and bad me come to morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon,
But now are minutes added to the houres.
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems an hour,
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy ſelfe to morrow.

FINIS.

For the doth welcome day-light with her ditte,
And drives away dark dreaming night:
The night to pack, I post unto my pretty,
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished light,
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mixt with sorrow,
For why, the fair[illegible]come to morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon,
But now are minutes added to the houres,
To plage me now, each minute seems an houre,
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to morrow.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SONNETS

To Sundry NOTES of MUSICKE.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1599.

L

MUSICK.

SONNETS &c.

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SONNETS, &c.

IT was a Lordings Daughter, the faireſt one of (three
That liked of her Maiſter, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman, the faireſt that eie (could ſee,
Her fancie fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love (did fight,
To leave the Maiſter loveleſſe, or kill the gallant (Knight.
To put in practice either, alaſs it was a ſpite
Unto the ſilly damſel.
But one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the paine;
That nothing could be uſed, to turne them both to (gaine,
For of the two the truſty Knight was wounded (with Diſdaine,
Alas ſhe could not help it.
Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the (day,
Which by a gift of Learning, did beare the Maid a- (way,
Then lullaby the learned Man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my ſong is ended.

ON a day (alacke the day)
Love whose month was ever *May*,
Spied a blossome passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen gan passage find,
That the lover (sicke to death)
Wisht himselfe the heavens breath:
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,
Ayre, would I might triumph so;
But (alas) my hand hath sworne,
Nere to pluck thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet;
Thou for whom *Jove* would swear,
Juno but an *Ethiope* were,
And deny himself for *Jove*,
Turning mortal for thy Love.

MY flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams speed not, all is amis:
Love is dying, Faithes defying,
Hearts denying, causer of this.
All my merry Jigges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies love is lost (God wot)
Where her faith was firmely fixt in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly crosse wrought all my losse;
O frowning fortune, cursed fickle dame,

For

For now I ſee, inconſtancy
More in women than in men remain.

VI

IN black morne I, all fears ſcorne I,
Love hath forlorne me, living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruel ſpeeding, fraughted with gall.
My ſhepherds pipe can ſound no deale,
My weathers bell rings doleful knell;
My curtaile dogg that wont to have plaid,
Plaies not at all but ſeems afraid.
With ſighs ſo deep, procures to weep,
In howling wiſe, to ſee my doleful plight,
How ſighs reſound through hartleſſe ground,
Like a thouſand vanquiſht men in bloody fight.

CLeare wells ſpring not, ſweete birds ſing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die,
Herds ſtands weeping, flocks all ſleeping,
Nymphes black peeping fearfully.
All our pleaſure knowne to us poor ſwains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening ſport from us is fled,
All our love is loſt, for love is dead:
Farewel ſweet love thy like nere was,
For a ſweet content the cauſe of all my woe,
Poor *Coridon* muſt live alone,
Other helpe for him I ſee that there is none.

When

WHEN as thine eye hath choſe the Dame,
And ſtalde the deare that thou ſhouldſt ſtrike,
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (partyall might)
Take counſel of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'ſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talke,
Leaſt ſhe ſome ſubtle practiſe ſmell,
A Cripple ſoone can finde a halt,
But plainly ſay thou lov'ſt her well,
And ſet her perſon forth to ſale.

What though her frowning browes be bent,
Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight:
And twice deſire yet it be day,
That which with ſcorn ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
And ban, and braule, and ſay thee nay,
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to ſay:
Had women been ſo ſtrong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy ways,
Spare not to ſpend, and chiefly there,
Where thy deſart may merit praiſe,
By ringing in thy Ladies ear,
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serve always with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſute be humble true,
Unleſſe thy Lady prove unjuſt,
Preſſe never thou to chuſe anew:
When time ſhall ſerve, be thou not ſlacke,
To proffer though ſhe put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Diſſembled with an outward ſhew:
The tricks and toys that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads them ſhall not know,
Have you not heard it ſaid full oft,
A womans nay doth ſtand for nought.

Think women ſtill to ſtrive with men,
To ſinne and never for to ſaint,
There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age ſhall them attaint,
Were kiſſes all the joyes in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But ſoft enough, too much I feare,
Leaſt that my miſtreſſe heare my ſong,
She will not ſtick to round me on th'are,
To teach my toung to be ſo long;
Yet will ſhe bluſh, here be it ſaid,
To heare her ſecrets ſo bewraid.

LIVE with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove,
That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yeeld.

There will we ſit upon the Rocks,
And ſee the Shepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow Rivers, by whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of Mirtle.

A belt of Straw and Yuye buds,
With Coral Claſps and Amber ſtuds;
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

Loves Anſwer.

If that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every Shepherds toung,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

AS it fell upon a Day,
In the merry Month of *May*,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade,
Which a grove of Myrtles made,
Beaſtes did leap, and Birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did ſpring:
Every thing did baniſh mone,
Save the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poor Bird) as all forlotne,
Leand her breaſt up-till a thorne,
And there ſung the dolefulſt Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would ſhe cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to heare her ſo complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine,
For her griefes ſo lively ſhowne,
Made me thinke upon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournſt in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Senſeleſſe Trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthleſſe Bears, they will not cheer thee.

King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe ſing,
Careleſſe of thy ſorrowing.

Whilſt as fickle fortune ſmild,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſery.
Words are eaſie, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find;
Every Man wil be thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of Crowns be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with ſuch-like flattering,
Pity but he were a King.

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will intice.
If to women he be bent,
They have at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewel his great renowne.
They that fawn'd on him before,
Uſe his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will helpe thee in thy need.

If thou ſorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot ſleep.
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doeth beare a part.
Theſe are certain ſigns to know
Faithful friend from flatt'ring foe.

FINIS.

If thou forrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flatt'ring foe.

FINIS.